

Children's Newspaper

All the English-Speaking World Loves  
the C.N. Monthly—Ask for My Magazine

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The only Newspaper in the World for Boys and Girls*

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## FREE PHOTOGRAVURE PLATE INSIDE

### BABY

#### A TRUE TALE FROM SYDNEY

#### The Horse that Came Dashing By

#### AND THE LITTLE WOMAN WHO STOOD STILL

Everybody knows that little girls are happiest playing at being mothers, but everybody does not know that a little girl aged four can act like a mother of 24. Little Marie Mullins, who lives at Manly, near Sydney, has taught the world a lesson.

Marie has a small brother aged two, called Jimmy, and she looks on him as her special charge.

It was Friday afternoon, a busy day Mrs. Mullins washed and dressed Marie and Jimmy in clean clothes and told them they could go and play in the front of the house. This was what they loved. Marie took the little one by the hand; they stepped out of the gate and there they were in the road, able to watch all that came by, and feel that they really belonged to the wide world.

#### The Closed Gate

Jimmy was delighted. No sooner was the gate opened than he rushed out into the middle of the road.

"Come back," called Marie; "you'll get run over!"

Just as the words left her lips she heard a shout and a fearful thunder. She looked over her shoulder and saw a galloping horse come round the corner with a cart rick-rocketing after it.

Marie did not know the horse was running away; but one wheel had crashed off the cart; and the driver could not hold the terrified horse. All she saw was a huge galloping monster coming straight at her Jimmy.

The child appeared to be deaf and blind to everything except the bits of stones he was picking up in the middle of the road. Quick as lightning, Marie darted out, pounced on him, and picked him bodily up. She staggered with him to the gate and seized the latch, but it had slipped; the gate would not open!

Swiftly Marie placed the child, now terrified and trembling, against the gate, and stood in front, protecting him.

#### Escape by Inches

The runaway horse was now on the footpath, within a few yards of her. He gave a frightful lurch toward the gate and seemed for a moment as if he were going to jump it. The horse and cart passed Marie by a few inches.

It happened that on the other side of the road a workman was passing by, and he hurried across, fearing that the two children had been hurt. But Marie, trembling and tearful, was holding Jimmy's hand and saying, "I want Mother, please. Will you open the gate?"

Marie was dreadfully frightened, but she has got over it and has almost forgotten it. But grown-ups will not forget.

### Chicago's Temple



This remarkable building is the new Methodist Temple in Chicago. The church is at the top of 20 storeys of offices, and the French Gothic spire is 400 feet high. In 1834 the site was occupied by a church built of logs

### GRANNY

#### SEVENTY YEARS YOUNG

#### Ninety-Year-Old President of a Happy Club

#### GOOD IDEA FOR OLD LADIES

The most important beings of this generation seem to be the young girls. They are everywhere, do everything, have clubs, latch-keys, and unparalleled freedom. They inherit the Earth.

But we are glad to see that those who have owned the Earth before us are not to be passed by. It is very delightful to hear that America, which gives the world so many surprising things, is giving it now a Grandmothers Club! One of its rules is that members must be at least seventy years young.

An old lady called Mrs. Grace P. Park started a private kind of Grannies Club in her own home about four years ago. From this has grown the idea of a general Grandmothers Club. The old ladies thought they would like to call themselves the Cardinal Club, after the small scarlet bird better known in America than England.

#### Songs My Mother Taught Me

The members have what their irreverent grandchildren would call "a giddy old time." They are interested in music, poetry, plays, passing events. Now and again they have special gatherings. There was one delightful evening when the grannies sang their favourite songs, dressed for the part.

Then the room was full of quaint old figures, with hoop-skirts, reticules, lace mittens, bonnets, and all the fal-lals of past generations. There was great applause when the president sang a ballad she had learned 85 years before.

Another night the members were giving old dances, and the president found that, although she could not quite remember all the steps of the Minuet, which she had danced slowly and gravely in her youth, she could remember the Virginia Reel. And she did it.

#### The Beauty of Old Age

This president, Mrs. Anna E. King, is a great-grandmother, aged ninety-two. She is a very beautiful picture in black and white silk with a lavender scarf. She would never be called really old. Her eyes, blue and clear, are still young, because she has still kept her intense interest in the world.

Like so many members of the Grannies Club, she has learned to forgive a good deal, to look tolerantly on life about her—even on the young girl! She has learned to live and let live.

And there is another thing that the youth of today would do well to remember. The beauty of old age, the beauty of this old lady, Mrs. King, is not a physical, but a spiritual beauty. She has the serenity of a soul at peace. Discipline, motherhood, suffering, years and years of thinking about other people, have engraven on her a face, beauty that is of the other world.



## NINE MERRY MEN HOW THEY CAME TO ENGLAND

An Invasion Long Ago and  
What It Left Behind

### A 700-YEAR-OLD STORY

Seven hundred years ago nine poor but merry men landed at Dover, and tramped cheerfully to the City of Canterbury. Six of them were foreigners, and three were Englishmen.

Canterbury was a city already famous for its golden shrine, which kept before the eyes of men the death of Thomas à Becket. Pilgrims came in large numbers, and the city was not unfamiliar with strange faces; but among them none surely was humbler than the Nine Friends of St. Francis of Assisi, who, with no riches and no learning, brought the secret of their joy to the poor folk in this country.

#### Poverty and Love

St. Francis, the saint who loved the birds and the flowers, was still living in Italy, and already he had many to follow him in the way of poverty and of love in which he had chosen to follow his Master. Nothing could keep these men back; they would go East and West to win the love of the Saracens or to cheer and care for the dwellers in these western islands. They had no arms; they were without money; yet they carried laughter with them. "Food, sleep, and a joke" was all they asked from the world. They built wattle-huts in which to live; they chose places where their neighbours were the lepers, the homeless, and the sick. Such were the Nine Men who trudged into Canterbury.

On September 10 this year that same beautiful city was full of pilgrims. Some had come by train, some by road, but all had one purpose—to honour the memory of the peaceful invaders. From the steps of the altar in the Cathedral the names of the Nine were solemnly read, and a great congregation gave thanks for them. Outside in the street there was a procession of friars and nuns, of priests and lay folk, marching with the Cardinal of Westminster to the old garden by the river, where the Nine were first given a home; and there together they raised their Te Deum, with the rosy apples above them and the sweet flowers and herbs at their feet.

#### The Spirit of the Saint

Afterwards, in the Cathedral, a great French scholar who has written a beautiful book on St. Francis, told the people how the spirit of that saint might help them today out of their troubles. We think too much of things; and St. Francis knew how to make people so think of others that they forgot things. Love, joy, and peace were better to them than riches.

Once more, as evening drew on, the people met together to give thanks and to sing the lovely song of St. Francis:

Dear Mother Earth who day by day  
Unfoldest blessings on our way,  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

Thou fire so masterful and bright,  
Thou givest man both warmth and light,  
O praise him, O praise him.  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

And all ye men of tender heart,  
Forgiving others, take your part.  
O sing ye Alleluia!

And to finish a joyful day Mr. Laurence Housman read pieces from his Little Plays of St. Francis.

So the Nine Merry Men who invaded England were remembered after seven hundred years. One of them, Lawrence of Beauvais, went back to his leader, St. Francis, and told him of the welcome they had received, and St. Francis gave him his blessing. Two years afterwards the good saint died, and there were many changes in the company of his friends. But the spirit of love and joy which was in him still lives in the world.

Slowly the Moon rose in the cold clear sky over the Cathedral, and the pilgrims who had trodden the streets of the old city went their way on foot, or by car

## COMETS THAT STRIKE THE EARTH

Remains of an Earlier  
Solar System

### THE CLASH OF WORLDS IN SPACE

According to Professor A. M. Miller, it is now almost certain that meteorites are the heads of very small comets, and so far from being stray visitors from outer space, have always formed part of our Solar System.

A study of meteorites themselves proves that they have not always been cold bodies flying through space, but must at some time or other have been in a molten condition, cooled under great pressure. This is endorsed by their structure, and the gases contained in small pockets inside them. In some of these minute cavities carbon dioxide has been found in a liquid condition, and such a fact can only be accounted for by the theory that meteorites once formed the interiors of large planetary bodies.

The Astronomer Royal of Denmark believes that this is true also of comets, and that, as meteorites are the heads of small comets which reach the Earth in a solid form, the so-called shooting stars are the minute particles of larger comets trailing after the heads and forming part of their tails. By friction with our atmosphere they are heated to incandescence and dissipated.

All these facts, the scientists say, harmonise well with the theory that our present Solar System is formed out of the wreck of a former Solar System, the destructive agent being another and much larger sun, near which our former Solar System at one time came. In accordance with this theory meteorites are fragments of this former system.

## THE PEACE OF LULWORTH Shells By the Cove

A Lulworth resident sends to the Times this note of the way things are still going under the War Office's control of this lovely piece of our countryside.

Six weeks ago about 15 shells fell into the sea one after another in a line with the east point of the Cove, hundreds of yards outside the limit of the danger zone, and just where the Weymouth steamer turns to port to enter the Cove.

Fortunately the steamer was not due, and such boats as were out were to the westward. No sort of warning had been given. This occurrence can be proved by several credible eye-witnesses. The next time it happens I suppose a War Office official will attend the inquest to express sympathy with the relatives.

## A VILLAGE SCHOOL And Its Record

The teachers and pupils at the little Wesleyan Sunday School at Wadshelf, Derbyshire, have a record that must be very hard to beat.

Two teachers, Mr. William Clarke and Mr. Ernest Hill, have between them 58 years of service, while as a scholar or teacher Miss Froggatt has attended regularly for 19 years.

One pupil of 14 has made 283 attendances in three years, and to do this has walked 1350 miles. Another scholar of 11 has made 264 attendances in three years, and walked 1250 miles. Two others have not missed once in 10 years.

Continued from the previous column

or train or bicycle. They had come from many lands; cardinal, bishop, professor, laymen of all kinds, Roman Catholics, Protestants, and others, to rejoice in one great memory. They had shown their gratitude for an invasion which took place centuries ago. Of such invasions the world cannot have too many.

It was a great time, calling back the figures not of kings and conquerors, but of nine poor men through whom the spirit of the Poor Man of Assisi came to this island in dark and cruel times.

## DOING EVERYTHING IN A DAY

THE WAY OF THE QUACK  
DOCTOR

Prime Minister on Visions  
Unfulfilled

### CUTTING GREEN CORN

Most boys have dreamed at some time of being Prime Minister. One boy who dreamed of it is Prime Minister now, and he finds he cannot do everything.

"Stay here and die and go home for a good funeral," said a friend as Mr. MacDonald left Geneva for a day's rest in Scotland; but though there was much to be said for that view, the Prime Minister came home. This is what he said in telling the story.

Don't imagine that you can do everything in a day. Whoever tries to do everything in a day is a quack doctor.

The man who knows how to do his work, who seeks legislation that is to be permanent, and who will not sacrifice one sentence of the vision of an ideal that he has made, will work humbly, patiently, faithfully, building up and up and up, dealing with the harvests as they ripen, never cutting green corn, but always watching and having somewhat of the powers of the Creator Himself, hastening the ripening of what is green, so that at the earliest possible moment it may be cut and gathered in to our barns.

#### What Our Country Needs

That at any rate has been the conception which I have put before me, and when you hear foolish people talk about pledges to be fulfilled let me confess to you and to them that if I were Prime Minister of this country for fifty years, fifty years as packed with work as the last eight months have been, I have given you pledges from my heart that would still be unfulfilled, not because I fainted or failed, but because the corn was still green.

The great thing our country needs is a sustaining faith in the virtue of careful work, confident that while doing our work we are inspiring the young to do theirs, and instead of limiting the vision to this or that programme we are teaching our people to know that human capacity for improvement is almost infinite, and that the best thing that a generation can do not only for itself but for all the generations that are to come is to do its own work in a good workmanlike way, quietly, faithfully, prayerfully, so that it will go down to the grey mists of time with pride in its heart and happiness in its soul.

## HOW TO USE THE SPARE HOURS

### A Happy Project in East Ham

The Mayor of East Ham, Councillor Harper, has started a happy project in a singularly sound way. The County Borough is to have a Handicrafts and Hobbies Exhibition at the Town Hall to show what East Ham children are capable of doing in their spare hours.

There will not be any prizes, but Certificates of Merit will be awarded.

Among the hobbies suggested as likely to provide the exhibits are wireless, carving, stamp collecting, painting, botany, carpentry, photography, model-making, stencilling, fancy needlework, moth collecting, gardening, and pets.

Whether we think of the happy employment of the children's time, the value of the training they will receive in providing the exhibits, or the wisdom of doing the work for the pride of doing it, this project seems to us thoroughly good throughout.

## THE YEAR'S CRICKET WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Why Yorkshire Keeps Her  
Great Place

### 100 WICKETS AND 1000 RUNS

In spite of the troublesomeness of the weather during the cricket season now closed, all lovers of the game will feel that the year has brought a welcome revival of interest in the most truly national of all our games.

Right up to the end of the county matches the struggle was keenly sustained, and throughout there was a feeling that more clubs were in the running for substantial honours than during any season since the war.

Seldom has there been a year's play when the County list showed so short a "tail" of positive failures. Out of the seventeen playing counties thirteen may be said to have escaped reproach. If we begin with the thirteenth (Glamorgan) we must begin with congratulation. The Welsh county has found in Ryan a bowler who comes into the front rank, and has made his team one to be reckoned with.

#### The Old Stagers

Hampshire, next on the rising list, has lost more matches than it should have lost, but its old stagers have very well held their position, especially the untiring Kennedy and sturdy Mead, and it can still give any team a good game, though its "bad days" are more frequent than they should be. Its captain remains one of the breeziest men on the cricket field.

Leicester, eleventh on the list, has scored almost forty per cent of possible points, and in Geary and Astill has two of the players who may have an ambitious future. Sussex has been disappointing. A most interesting team to watch, it has not turned attractiveness sufficiently into positive success. Gilligan and Tate have fully continued their brilliance. Warwickshire's advance, due largely to the bowling of Howell, has been generally welcomed. Somerset has continued her brightness in the field, and Mr. White has again a fine bowling record.

Notts has not taken the position that seemed at one time probable. While losing singularly few matches outright, she has been heavily penalised on first innings defeats. No county has suffered so much from this absurd method of scoring points. Her batting has been decidedly stronger than her bowling, and her captain is a fine cricketing figure.

#### A Stern Struggle

Gloucestershire has had a most encouraging season, and in Parker has a bowler who has passed into the front rank. The remainder of the elevens have all scored over 60 per cent of their possible points. At one time it looked as if Lancashire might be in the running for the championship, but she fell away, while Surrey made a bold advance, and had the fewest losses of the year. Her bowling, however, was never up to the level of her batting.

The close of the season brought a stern struggle between Middlesex and Yorkshire owing partly to Yorkshire being robbed of victories by the weather; but the northerners at last took the position which they unquestionably deserved by the all-round excellence of their play. It is by absence of weakness anywhere that Yorkshire retains her place at the head of English cricket. Her typical man is Rhodes, who now has made a supreme record of consistency by taking over 100 wickets and scoring over 1000 runs in a season for the fifteenth time.

#### Pronunciations in This Paper

Gondola . . . .	Gon-do-lah
Granada . . . .	Gran-ah-dah
Herodotus . . . .	He-rod-o-tus
Magellan . . . .	Mah-jel-lan



## UNDER THE FEET OF LONDON

### POWER RUSHING BELOW THE STREETS

180 Miles of Pipes with Water  
at High Pressure

#### HOW THE LIFT IS RUN

Everyone knows that under the streets of London there run miles of gas pipes and electric wires, but how many people know that beneath the roadway there are also 180 miles of pipes carrying water at very high pressure for driving lifts, cranes, pumps, and presses?

These are not the ordinary water-pipes conveying drinking and washing water into houses and factories and offices; they are quite separate from those which belong to the Metropolitan Water Board. These pipes are the mains of the London Hydraulic Power Company, and they honeycomb London from Kensington in the West to Poplar in the East, and from Pentonville in the North to Kennington in the South.

They skirt Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, St. James's Park, and the Green Park, and line both banks of the Thames. A map just issued by the company shows a network running in all directions, and in the City itself there is scarcely a street without its hydraulic main from which any building can draw water-power.

#### 700 Pounds to the Square Inch

The water is driven through pipes at the enormous pressure of 700 pounds to the square inch, and last year over 25 million gallons of water were pumped every week at this pressure, four times the quantity used thirty years ago.

This high-pressure water is used for a great variety of purposes. Most of the lifts in London are driven by hydraulic power from these mains; so are the big cranes at wharves and factories and warehouses. Motor-car lifts in garages are mostly hydraulic, as the power is cheap, efficient, and reliable. Artesian wells are pumped by hydraulic gear supplied with power from the mains, and many of the larger vacuum cleaners are worked in the same way. For baling presses it is an unrivalled form of power, and the Hydraulic Company's high pressure water is also available for fire extinction.

No city in the world uses so much hydraulic power as London; yet how many of its citizens know of these high-pressure mains, running everywhere under their streets and roads? There are five great pumping stations for driving the water through the pipes at the required pressure.

## FIVE FRANCS FOR A KING'S HEAD A Paris Bargain

Unless M. Joseph Bourdois, who has a little museum at Dinard, is mistaken, he has bought the skull of Henri Quatre, a king of France, for five francs, surely one of the queerest bargains in antiques ever known. Perhaps it may be compared with the purchase of the site of the capital of the Hittites, which the excavators bought for the price of a cow.

King Henri IV of France, to give him his full title, was assassinated by Ravaillac, and his body buried with the other French kings at St. Denis; but in the French Revolution the mausoleum was broken up and all the kingly bones flung in a common grave.

It is not yet stated how the skull's subsequent wanderings led it to one of the periodical auction sales of curios in Paris, where M. Bourdois bought it in a job lot for five francs; but the fortunate owner says he has proved its identity.

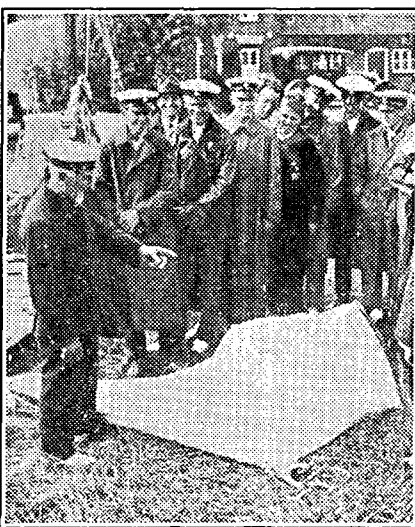
## A SCHOOL FOR SAILING BOYS



An instructor lecturing to the class



Explaining the rigging of a yacht



A lesson on sails



Some of the boys at work

A camp has been opened at Potter Heigham, on the Norfolk Broads, at which Public Schoolboys are given practical lessons in the handling of sailing craft. The boys are very keen to earn the certificates of proficiency that are given at the end of the course

## THE ELECTRIC FARM

### MAKING HAY WITHOUT SUNSHINE

What is Being Done on Six  
Hundred Acres in Sussex

### THE GO-AHEAD MAN WITH IDEAS

Great success continues to attend the work of Mr. Borlase Matthews on his 600-acre farm in Sussex, where he seeks to show the many advantages of electricity for the farmer.

With the help of electric current he is today producing better eggs, better pigs, better honey, better hay, and increasing the output of wheat from the land, which is tilled by electric machines and fertilised by overhead supplies of electricity.

#### Electric Light for Fowls

Mr. Matthews, whose farm is at Greater Felcourt, near East Grinstead, is an experienced engineer, who is constantly travelling all over the continent in search of new ideas, and has the knowledge and the courage to put them into practice.

He has 1500 birds which are kept in a centrally-heated house fitted with electric light, so that in dull weather they do not miss the sun. The birds give 20 per cent more eggs in the winter, and the "electric" eggs are usually bigger and finer. The cost of the current is very small, for one extra egg laid by a hen during the whole winter is sufficient to defray the cost of the electricity the hen has enjoyed.

A special astronomical switch turns on the warm flood of electric light when the Sun goes down, and there is no doubt that these up-to-date hens are happier and healthier for the attention they receive.

#### Central Heating

The pigs, too, are kept warm by electricity in their modern home, as are the chicks; while the bees are not only kept warm with central heating, but have their hives electrically lighted as well, which shows that both animals and insects like the sunshine, or its equivalent, as much as we do.

The clipping machine, the pump, the threshing machine, the corn binder, and the barn machinery, are all driven by electricity which is distributed over the farm by overhead wires. The hay is stacked when it is green, without waiting for the sunshine which sometimes comes too late. The hay is dried and seasoned by means of air electrically blown, and the corn is now treated in the same way, so that ploughing can be begun immediately after the corn has been cut and carted.

#### Saving Time and Money

The electricity used for lighting the farm buildings saves nearly 40 minutes a day of each man's time, and costs less than the milk that would be spilt in badly-lighted cow-houses. Farming could be carried on all night by means of the lamps. A unit of electricity costs tenpence on the farm—a high figure, but it will do as much hand labour as would cost 14 shillings, or as much work as would cost 3s. 4d. with a horse.

All the power is produced on the farm, which has only three horses on it. A high-tension discharge plant is now being set up which will carry wires about eight feet above the growing crops, and discharge electric current to stimulate growth.

#### FOR FRIENDSHIP'S SAKE

Three scholarships of £240 each, tenable for five years at French Universities, have been presented to British Columbia University by the Governor of British Columbia.



## A SOLEMN NIGHT IN THE STADIUM

WHAT 100,000 PEOPLE SAW

The Impressive Spectacle of  
Other Days

### SPRIT OF THE EMPIRE

England has seen a great sight—a crowd of a hundred thousand people in the Stadium singing together in one mounting wave of sound, "I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless." It was the closing scene in a never-to-be-forgotten reunion of old sights and songs, flags and soldiers, under the rather absurd name of the Torchlight Tattoo.

No one who saw it will ever forget the dim, packed amphitheatre, and the first shafts of light that swung round to greet the entry of the massed bands of the Royal Marines. Presently the packed multitude was holding its breath to hear the last verse of Tom Bowling, played as softly as if children were singing.

### The Skirling Pipes

Another flame of light, another cheer, and in came the gallant pipers, with their wild, unearthly music. One wondered how any Scotsman could keep his seat.

Again and again, during the evening, the skirling pipes broke in on the sweet and decorous music of the bands, and each time it seemed that there was a fling of salt gales and the wind in the heather slopes of Skye. When the folk singing Comin' through the Rye round the camp-fire in the arena suddenly jumped up and ran to meet the marching kilts, crying more than singing The Campbells are Comin', thousands looking on wanted to cry and sing with them.

Then the good drums and fifes took the field with their familiar rolling airs. Regiment after regiment came in. It seemed soon that all the army had sent its companies to greet the Empire at Wembley—horsemen and footmen, gunners and guards, lovely lines of white horses thudding across the arena.

### Like Wooden Soldiers

They were all there, the old Guards marching in the old way, hands rigid on thighs, then standing motionless, for all the world like the little wooden soldiers of childhood days. The display was at first sight casual. Then one became aware that here, in this vast space ringed by human walls, dotted with pools of water reflecting the radiant scarlets and greens, there was more appearing than a beautiful romantic spectacle.

Those same little wooden soldiers had stood rigid in far outposts of the Empire; these coming-and-going men, flinging out their thin red line, forming their solid squares were more than soldiers; they were the spirit of discipline, chivalry, gaiety, and courage that has carried the flag to the uttermost ends of the Earth. The very soul of the army was there, hiding in the dim places of the arena, under the open sky, where the Moon and one star rode out of the drifting clouds and pointed the hour, gliding from one of the Stadium pillars to another.

### The Lights in the Sky

Presently another star appeared—then three or four more moving lights that came out of the void of the sky and swung round us, revealing themselves as gorgeously lighted planes. If only the arena could have dredged up a submarine the tale of the old and new would have been almost complete.

The men who arranged the Searchlight Tattoo did not want us to get too serious. In the middle of the evening they confronted us with a real blazing house on fire, and with thrilling and amusing rescues by the London Fire Brigade. This made a delightful interval.

Then the army took the field again. Clever British lads posing as Cossacks swept the arena on their wild horses and were driven off headlong. The regiments gathered together for Balaclava, and this time they kept their places and stood

## VENICE AND ITS GONDOLA

NOT TO PASS AWAY

The Picturesque Sight of the  
Famous Grand Canal

### THE BEGINNING OF IT

All the world that travels will be glad that there is no truth in the report that Venice is to banish the gondola from the Grand Canal. It is good to know that the most picturesque city in Europe is to retain a charm which has been sung by poets and celebrated in prose since the re-birth of learning.

Gondolas are as old as Venice, and part of its moving panorama of beauty. They grew out of the boats in which the city's founders won their safety 1500 years ago. Venice was established by one of the streams of fugitives who fled in terror before the barbarous hosts of Huns at whose head Attila, "the Scourge of God," ravaged Italy in the fifth century.

Rome, no longer Mistress of the World, bought her safety from Attila; the people beyond her walls fled, some to the Apennines with its wolves and bears, some to the Alps and its snows and ice, and the remainder put off in little boats in the Adriatic, committing themselves rather to the mercy of the waves than to the hands of this monster of fury and ferocity.

### The Unchanging City

And they founded this city in the sea, the lovely and incomparable Venice, which has no roads but waterways, no highways but canals fed by the sea, and renewed by every tide. Venice has done all her business by gondola, her shopping, her affairs of State, her wooings and weddings, her christenings and burials, with never a horse, with never a wheeled vehicle.

The traveller steps into his gondola on the Grand Canal to find conditions practically unchanged from the days when John Evelyn noted his gondola rides in his immortal diary; when Byron sang of them; when Browning wrote the beautiful poem with the swift and terrible ending, "In a Gondola."

The gondola was born of a European war; we are glad to know that, after all, it is not among the things that are to pass away from the world which has lost so many things through the greatest war of all.

### A CLEVER TOY

New Way to Make the Boat Go

A new kind of toy has found its way into the shops in the United States.

Instead of being driven by a sail or by clockwork, this device gets its power from air pressure. The body of the boat contains a sort of inflated balloon, and as the air escapes through a vent in the stern it strikes the water, and drives the craft at a fair rate of speed.

The escaping air makes a sound like the exhaust of a motor boat.

Continued from the previous column

horse and men, rank on rank, motionless in the dusk while a line of the Chelsea veterans and Nightingale nurses received the crowd's ovations.

We all knew that the Crimean war was as good as any other to point the tale of the evening. We looked down on the silent figures and gave a secret greeting to the near and far makers of our history. Then the massed bands slid into the well-known Sabbath tune of *Abide with Me*. And it was not too thousand people in the Stadium, but the Empire itself that took up the air and sang "I fear no foe." There were tears and memory in the sounds.

Then, in the hushed amphitheatre, came the solemn Last Post, which has been sounded for so many brave men, and must one day sound for us all.

## HURRYING UP A GOLF GREEN

A Little Electric Stimulus  
GROWING BY DAY AND NIGHT

American golf has more than once electrified the British golfer. The process of electrification is now being applied there to speeding up the golf green.

They have not quite such quantities of good turf there as in England, and so it occurred to one of their horticulturists, who had tested the effect of electric stimulation in making plants grow faster, to try to hasten the golf greens by the same means.

A plot was sown with grass seeds on June 6, and over part of it were hung 24 strong electric lights with reflectors, giving from four feet above the ground a continuous even light.

This reinforcement of the daylight brought the first grass blades up five days after sowing, though the weather was poor. In three weeks there was a four-inch growth of grass, though just outside the electrically lighted area the growth reached only an inch.

The colour of the grass was the same on the lighted and unlighted parts of the plot, but nothing is said about the strength of the grass.

Yet, even if electrically stimulated grass does not outgrow its strength, this method of raising it seems rather expensive. And why hurry? The golfing world has surely time to let the grass grow.

## CRABS COME TEN THOUSAND MILES A Mysterious Journey

A mysterious appearance of Chinese and Japanese crabs has been noticed in Germany on the lower Elbe.

It is puzzling scientists how these crabs could have migrated from Eastern waters and travelled to Europe, for it is certain that they never grew in Europe before. Fifteen different specimens of both sexes have been discovered, and it is evident that they have become fully acclimatised.

The only explanation that can be given of their wonderful journey of ten thousand miles is that a number of tiny crabs may have clung to the bottom of a ship during its journey from the East, and made their passage among the barnacles and queer growths which accumulate on the hull of a boat.

## BUTTERFLY IN THE CAR Stopping Traffic

A strange thing has happened in California. Traffic has been hampered and even stopped on some of the great highways by swarms of butterflies.

The butterflies have been flying about the highways in such numbers that they have choked the crevices of the radiators, and caused overheating of the engines.

The unusual swarms of butterflies are said to be due to lack of food supplies in the mountains, owing to an exceptionally dry winter, which caused many plants to die. The insects, unable to find their usual food supplies, migrated to the lowlands, and so it is that we read the strange fact of a drought in the mountain tops stopping traffic on the roads below.

## ANOTHER SONG WITHOUT WORDS

Is It Mendelssohn's?

We are very interested to hear that a piece of music, said to be another of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, has been printed in a German publication.

The manuscript was found in an old family book, and there is a dedication in Mendelssohn's handwriting to a young Austrian lady, Fräulein Doris Lowe. There are few musical households where the Songs without Words are not familiar friends, and as soon as the composition is really proved to be Mendelssohn's we shall add it to our well-worn copies and learn it by heart.

## JANKI NATH AND THE LITTLE DOG

KINDNESS BEFORE CASTE  
Fine Things that are Happening  
in India

### BROTHERHOOD UNDER THE FLAG

What we call Civics is a subject increasingly taught in schools in England but in no school is it more thoroughly practised than at Srinagar, in Cashmere, up among the northern heights of India.

Here, at the Church Missionary Society's School, where the boy can leap right out of the school windows into a lake, Mr. Tyndale Biscoe, the headmaster, who used to be a curate in Whitechapel, keeps a record of the "helping hand" deeds that have been done both by the masters and the boys.

### Record to Be Proud of

This is last year's record, which he has just sent home in a report called Knight Errantry in Cashmere:

Help to women, 103; to children, 89; to old men, 29; to blind folk and coolies, 103; to animals, 15. Sick folk taken on the lake, 367; fires at which the boys have helped, 14; lives saved, 13.

This is the sort of record any Boy Scout would be proud of, but the mere figures do not take any account of some of the difficulties in India which Scouts at home would never encounter. These are the difficulties of religion and caste, which are so powerful in the East. When we remember this we understand why the little Brahmin boy Janki Nath received the prize for the kindest deed of the year.

This is how he won it. He noticed one day a crowd of men round the Srinagar slaughter-house, pointing excitedly up a brick drain where a little outcast dog had crawled, and, having satisfied himself with the refuse from the slaughter-house, could not get out.

### Practical Christianity

The Mohammedans who were looking on refused to help as it would be contrary to their religion to touch a pariah dog, while the Brahmins in the crowd would be polluted if they touched blood. Janki, though at a Christian school, is still a Brahmin, but he, together with the other boys, is beginning to learn something of what Christianity means in practice. As the Srinagar boys now say, "Kindness comes before caste," and so Janki braved public opinion and the condemnation of his fellow Brahmins, and, going into the slaughter-house, put his arm up the gully and, after a great deal of trouble, brought the poor half-drowned dog to safety.

As we have said, a deed like that, in India, is much harder than it seems. So is the taking of Srinagar hospital patients for "joy rides," for it often means carrying the patient a quarter of a mile on your back from the hospital to the boat, if he or she cannot walk, then a long paddle on the lake, and, after returning your charge safe and sound, perhaps a four-mile walk home.

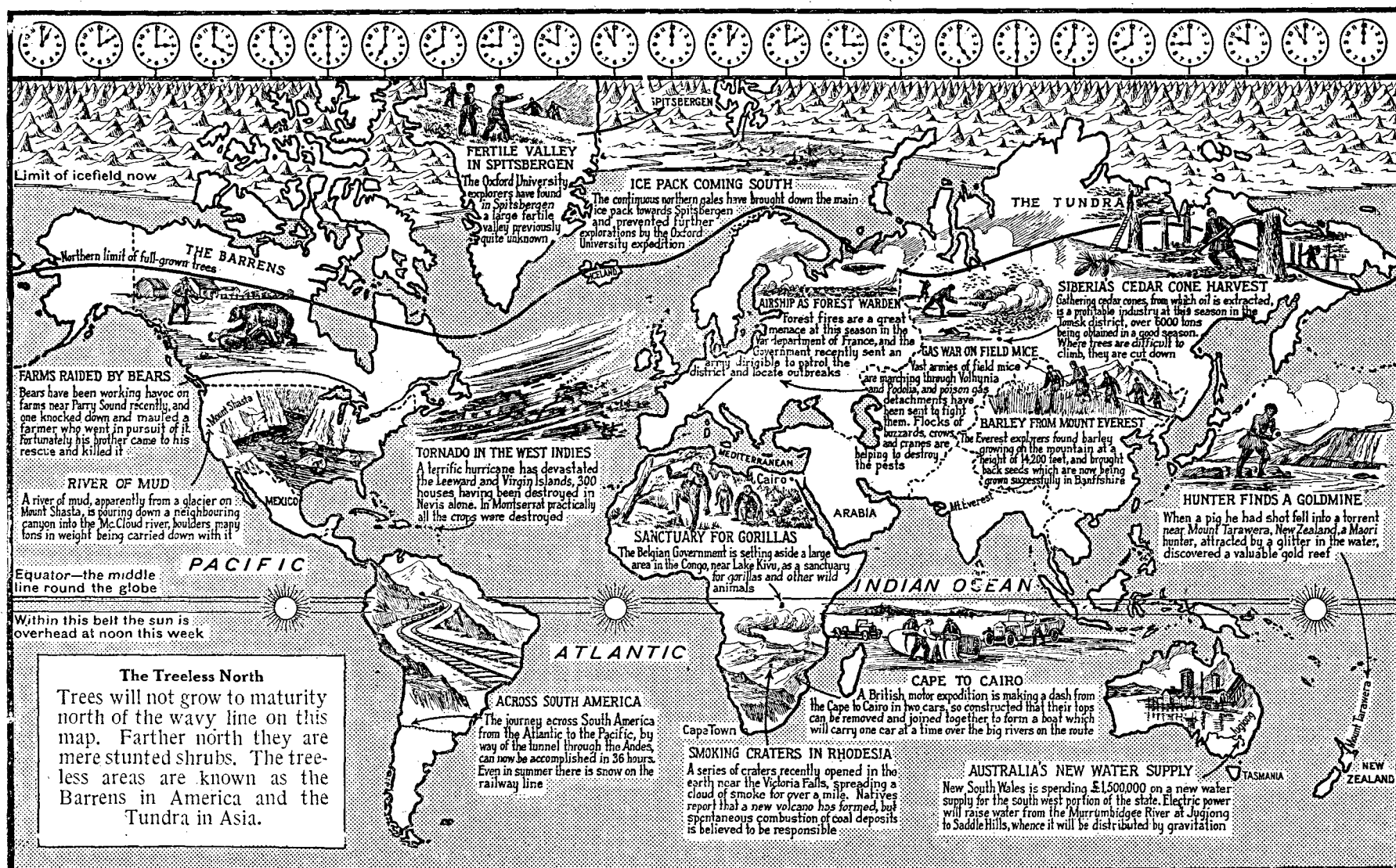
### Search Parties

Besides helping to fight the frequent fires in Srinagar with their school fire engine, the boys form search parties in the city when a child or a dog, or a valuable article is lost. More outcaste than the outcaste people are the pariah dogs, and yet the headmaster has a record of seven cases of boys removing bones from the throats of these fierce beasts when in danger of choking.

Mr. Tyndale Biscoe is coming home for a holiday this autumn, and it is hoped he will tell the C.N. about some other things his schoolboys do. We can see a model of his school at Wembley.



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



### A GOOD WORD FOR THE POST OFFICE

#### Corporations that Stand in the Way

It is always well to hear both sides, and particularly where a business belonging to the nation is concerned.

Everybody claims the right of criticism. Few are as ready to defend public institutions; but more than once we have had the experience of criticism of the Post Office bringing forth quick replies. That is the case with an article in the C.N. on the Slowing Down of the Post Office.

To complaints about the inadequacy of the postal facilities provided in some places a post-office servant replies with special regard to the telephone service.

The lack of enterprise in giving a sufficiency of call offices is, he believes, an entirely misplaced criticism in the provinces. There, he says, it is the Corporations that block the path of improvement. They refuse to allow telephone boxes to be erected, on the ground that they are obstructive and unsightly.

As for dirty telephone boxes, too often such places are deliberately defaced and abused, and the want of public spirit is decidedly seen in the public rather than in its servants.

### VANCOUVER

#### Great Growth of a Port

The growth of the seaport of Vancouver has been most phenomenal of late.

The movement of grain via the Panama Canal has helped a great deal, but in the first four months of the year more than 164 million feet of lumber alone were exported from Vancouver, consigned to over twenty different countries all over the world. In 1923 over 60 million pounds' worth of lumber, logs, and grain was shipped out, and nearly 50 million pounds' worth of goods imported.

Vancouver has a great future before it, and may soon be rivalling Montreal as the greatest port in the Dominion.

### HISTORY IN STAMPS

#### International Exhibitions

Stamps teach geography to those who collect them. The war did the same thing, but the war stamps which are being shown this month at two international exhibitions in Christiania and at The Hague, in Holland, teach history as well.

When war broke out France issued a new stamp to aid the Red Cross. It was the first of a ten-year series on whose faces are stamped the story of the entry of nations into the war, their triumphs and their tragedies, their failures and their enterprises, their emergence after long suffering into peace, and their efforts to reconstruct the world.

There are stamps, for example, which tell how Germany's colonies fell away from her, how Baghdad fell into British hands and Belgium into German. Others speak of Bulgarians in Rumania, or Turks in Sinai, or Indians in France.

Beyond these are stamps which, after the Treaty of Versailles, told of the birth of new countries or the annexation of territories.

The Ruhr French stamps and all the many Air stamps, as well as the Equatorial centenary stamps of Brazil, are additional foot-notes to history.

### CONQUERORS OF THE SEA

#### Third Picture Next Week

With this week's C.N. is given away a photograph of a modern sailing ship, from the beautiful painting *Homeward Bound*, by Thomas J. Somerscales.

This will be followed next week by a fine photograph of the giant liner *Leviathan* sailing into New York, with the skyscrapers of the city in the background. To be sure of getting a copy of the C.N. an order should be placed with a newsagent at once.

### A BRAVE ENGLISHWOMAN

#### Friend of the Armenians

The Armenian people have cause to be very grateful to a brave Englishwoman who is now visiting this country after 36 years' work in Constantinople at the mission of the Society of Friends.

This lady is Mrs. Ann Burgess, and she has made her name loved by the Armenians and respected by the Turks, even though she has now been forced by the fanaticism of a Constantinople mob to remove her mission and her pupils to the island of Corfu.

Armenians have always carried their lives in their hands in Turkey, although they are citizens of its realms. Their condition was bad enough under the sultans, but in the Republic it has become worse, and often Mrs. Burgess has faced wild crowds clamouring to invade the mission and seize the unfortunate Christians taking shelter there.

### OPENING UP THE FAR NORTH

#### Flying to the Mining Camps

A regular aeroplane service has been established to open up a mining district in Northern Quebec.

This part of the country has been without any electric or steam transportation service, but now passengers, supplies, and mails are carried from the northern terminus of the railway line right to the mining camps.

The journey which formerly required over two days is now accomplished in about fifty minutes.

### WORK FOR ANTS TO DO

#### Protecting the Fruit Groves

A man in Texas is making his living by the occupation of hatching ants.

He sells huge quantities of them to the Californian fruit-growers, as the variety he raises feeds on the eggs of fruit-destroying insects. His ants are, therefore, of wonderful value in checking the ravages of these pests.

### THE CITY GOES WEST

#### Why Business Men are Migrating

#### HIGH RENTS AND BAD LIGHT

There has been going on in London in the past few months a great silent migration of business men from the golden square mile of the City to the district round Westminster Abbey.

This district, the most important thoroughfare of which is Victoria Street, has always been a business centre for the offices of engineering firms. But it is now receiving an influx of a more varied kind.

Office rents in the City are going up almost every week. Despite important building progress, there is still great overcrowding and competition for space.

The Westminster district has two great advantages. Rents are reasonable, and there is plenty of light and air because of the wide spaces preserved around the Abbey and Buckingham Palace, and the excellent freedom of the office buildings erected on the north side of the Thames at Millbank.

There is no fear that overcrowding will take place in this region, or that the heavy traffic which makes business such a nerve-racking process round the Bank will ever concentrate itself in Westminster. And the conveniences of Underground, omnibus, and tram are greater here than anywhere else.

### GREAT BELL TOWER

#### A Beautiful Memorial for Washington

As a memorial to the sacrifices of the American people during the war, a very beautiful tower is being erected in Washington.

It is to be built by the National Carillon Association at a cost of £600,000, and will contain 56 bells capable of producing nearly 300 tones.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 27 1924

## The Merry Heart

ONE of the greatest of all hymns is often sung wrongly; we sing in the *Old Hundredth*

Him serve with fear, His praise forthtell  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The words should really be

Him serve with mirth,

and when Isaac Watts said mirth he meant it; and he was right. There is something wrong with our religion if it has no place for mirth in it.

The wise men of old were not ashamed to be merry even while they were busy about serious things. The friends of St. Francis who came to these islands just seven hundred years ago were a joyful company. Somehow men lost the secret of mirth, and they had to learn it afresh from these happy followers of St. Francis. These poor men taught again the old virtue of hilarity.

They went about their gravest deeds  
Like noble boys at play.

It is told of the first Franciscans who settled in Oxford that "they were always so joyous and pleasant among themselves that when one of them was silent hardly could he refrain from laughter." But why is it that some of us have come to think that we must choose between a jolly life and a serious life? Why does it sound a little odd to say *Him serve with mirth*? Why do we put religion in one compartment and laughter in another?

We do not know, but we do know that the secret of the gloom of many people is that they set out seeking a jolly time for themselves, and so are miserable.

But there are others who try to forget Number One. There was a Master who taught us to say to Number One "I don't know you"; and there are some who try to obey Him. They do not say of others "What can I get from them, but what can I give?" They think of their life as a chance of serving others; and, strangely enough, they find such a life one of laughter and joy. Happiness comes to those who love.

That is the lesson those nine poor Friends of St. Francis taught our fathers. They were very poor; they did not worry about their food; they did not make their friends of the rich. They did not say when they arrived at Dover, What can we get out of this England? They said, What can we give? There were lepers here; there were the sick and the prisoners; there were everywhere the poor; and to serve these they had come. And because of this, not in spite of this, they sang their happy songs along the roads of England, and the echoes of their joy are heard today.

He only lives who loves; and who loves has the secret of the merry heart which doeth good like a medicine.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet; the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Everlasting Problem

LET us all remember that story of the Prime Minister's speech at Geneva. When it was over a friend came to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and said the League Assembly was the whole world, represented not only by its statesmen, but by its *types of mind*.

On the floor, he said, were the Foreign Secretaries, the Prime Ministers, the experts, cold, critical, cynical; in the galleries were the hearts and hopes of the people, radiant, enthusiastic, hopeful. Then he said:

*That is your problem, to burn up the cynicism of the floor with the flames of holy aspiration that rage in the galleries.*

It is a memorable saying, worthy of all acceptance; and we commend it to all who glow with passion and all who stagnate with cynicism.

## The Age of Courtesy

THE age of good behaviour is not dead; it is only that some people have no manners.

These four things we have seen in London during these four days:

A woman rising from her seat in a bus on passing the Cenotaph;

A cyclist saluting the Cenotaph;

A foreigner raising his hat to a policeman of whom he had asked a question;

A passenger knocking at the little bus window to thank the driver for stopping for him.

It may seem unkind to mention the boy who threw a piece of orange peel on to the pavement, or the girl who tore up a letter and threw the pieces in the park; but in case this catches the eyes of these rude persons we make a note of it for contrast's sake.

## A Little Child's Smile

They might not need me, yet they might,  
I'll let my heart be just in sight,  
So small a smile as mine might be  
Precisely their necessity.

## London the Love'y

IT is no use pretending that the slums of London are not squalid and that the air of London is not laden with soot; but we are apt to dwell over-much on what is ugly in London.

As for ourselves, truly we think it the finest city on the Earth, and we lift up our humbled hearts over this saying of a traveller and an artist.

I am a very old man. I have seen nearly all the famous beauty spots in the world, and I don't suppose I shall see any more. I have seen Budapest at its best. I have seen the Sun setting behind the domes and minarets of Constantinople. I have seen Edinburgh and Quebec on their hills. Yet I have never seen anything more beautiful in all my life than the Thames Embankment from Waterloo Bridge, with its wide curve from the Tower, noble buildings nearly all the way.

That was said by Mr. Norman Shaw, the famous architect, and it is worth remembering amid all our grumbles at those who spend their lives in spoiling our Great City.

## Untidiness a Crime

WE are glad to see that somebody has been fined for tearing up letters and throwing the litter on the ground in a London park.

It was "too much fag," he said, to throw the paper into the paper bin. We hope it will be "too much fag" for him to pay the fine next time.

## Tip-Cat

A FRENCHMAN finds the English are not fond of dining out. Well, look at the weather!

ANOTHER greatest film has been produced. There will soon be quite a lot of them.

GENIUS is said to be dying out. Rents are so high it cannot afford to die in.

MR. FORD has decided to begin making aeroplanes. As if there were not enough flies already!

THE professor who tells the holiday-maker there is a charm in bricks and stones would not like to see him having his fling.

TEN tons of gorgonzolas have arrived by train. Not strong enough to walk.

CHILDREN weigh more than they did. And have more of their own way, too.

THE average countryman who visits the British Museum is bored. Even before that most Londoners can see through him.

THE gentleman who finds that few men know what meditation means ought to give them a dictionary.

AN Epsom signalman has retired after 45 years in the same box. He thought it time to put the lid on.

THERE is a Londoner who climbs the Monument every dinner-hour. He is fond of high feeding.

LONDON County Council institutes are giving instruction in sausage making. Well, it is time that mystery was cleared up.

## What To Do With It

WHAT to Do with Truth we read in one of the headlines. The best thing we know is to try to make people believe it. And it is the hardest thing we have ever tried to do.

## A Prayer by Dean Alford

O God, perfect us in love, that we may conquer all selfishness and hatred of others; fill our hearts with Thy joy, and shed abroad in them Thy peace which passeth understanding; that so all murmurings may be overcome.

## The Rain

By Our Country Girl

The rain it raineth every day. *Shakespeare*

It rained last night: the gutters sing,  
The soil is washed away from stones  
Which seem, half-buried, glistening,  
The Highway's bones.

THE hedgerows all were bent and old,  
The dust had made their tresses white.

Today, how young and green, behold!  
It rained last night.

THE grass is splashed and speckled with gleams,  
The barbed wire points have each a tear,  
And in my heart reviving dreams  
Say Rain fell here.

## The Tale of a Florin

By One Who Nearly Lost It

THEY were lovely cherries, but they were on a barrow, perhaps not the wisest place to buy cherries. However, they were excellent, and they have long ago gone the way all good cherries should go.

It is of the buying of them that I want to speak.

"Let me see, that's one-and-six, miss?" the owner of the barrow queried. I assented and warily watched the handful of silver he was holding.

With a quick movement he shook the coins into line in one hand, and with the fingers of the other he touched each piece as he counted it.

## Change for Ten Shillings

"One-and-six from ten shillings—eight-and-six?" Again I assented.

"Two shillings, four shillings," said he, flicking two florins back so that they leaned away from the rest of the money in his hand, "and four shillings and sixpence," flicking four separate shillings and a sixpence against the florins; "eight-and-six, miss."

He caught up the remainder of the silver into his empty hand and placed what he had counted into my palm.

"That's right," said I, closing my hand over the money and turning away.

## Where It Lay

Then, thinking how carefully he had counted the money, I looked at the contents of my palm, unconsciously counting in imitation of the barrow-man. Two shillings and four shillings and sixpence—six-and-six. I tried again. Six-and-six. A third time, and still it was six-and-six. I looked round. The fruitseller had his back to me, and when I approached was deeply-engrossed in his cherries.

"There is only six-and-six here," I said, holding out my open hand to show the silver.

"Why, you must have dropped it!" I looked where he pointed, and there, lying on the corner of the barrow on a bracken leaf, was a florin. I wish I could remember dropping it!



## WORKING THE WORLD BY WIRELESS

### THE NEW AGE ON THE WAY

Great Wonders That Have  
Become Realities

### THE DOCTOR'S BRAIN AVAILABLE THROUGH SPACE

The day when a wireless operator, by depressing a key in his transmitting set, will set going an electric railway or start the pumps of a water-power station is at hand.

It was brought very near at Wembley this month when a man in the Daily Mail office at Manchester touched a button, and on the very second a 6500 horse-power machine in the Palace of Engineering at Wembley, 170 miles away, began to work.

The wireless signal from Manchester was picked up by an aerial on the palace roof, and was transmitted to the switch-board controlling the machine, which is of the kind employed for supplying towns with electric light. Five minutes later a stop signal was sent, and the machine was stopped. The whole business was automatic; the only hand that took a part in it was the hand that touched the button of the wireless set.

#### Daily Miracles

So quickly do the miracles of wireless follow one on another that they cease to cause wonder. The day will come when listeners-in on journeys from Calais to Constantinople will while away the tedium of travel by the concerts broadcast from London, Paris, Nauen, or Vienna. When that day arrives, also, wireless signals from the great stations will be able to start the lighting current anywhere at lighting-up time.

One of the most wonderful uses of wireless now in practice is the medical service given from New York to ships at sea. This was first inaugurated under the auspices of the Seamen's Church League, and now ships all over the Atlantic, many of them hundreds of miles at sea, are sending in for expert advice in cases of illness and accident.

#### Medical Advice for Sailors

Arrangements have been made with receiving stations at intervals all along the coast to relay such messages to the great Hudson Hospital in New York City, and the only radio call that has precedence over these medical messages is the S.O.S.

Immediately a query is received at the hospital one of the physicians is assigned to it. He may have to wireless for further information, but he diagnoses the case and prescribes through a telephone to the broadcasting station. That the men of the sea appreciate this is shown by the extent to which they are making use of it. Often six or seven calls are received in 24 hours.

A truly wonderful thing it is that the lonely sailor 500 miles at sea can have the best medical brains of New York at his disposal within an hour!

#### Making Flying Safer

Surprising new uses for wireless are constantly being found, quite apart from its value as a means of talking across space.

The eddies and air currents in the wonderful wind tunnels at the National Physical Laboratory, for instance, have been made audible by means of wireless receivers. In dealing with problems connected with the safety and speed of flying the tiniest eddies in the air-stream can be amplified with the help of a two-valve circuit and telephone.

The great value of the wireless telephone circuit is that it magnifies enormously currents of electricity so feeble that without the valve they are practically immeasurable. Wireless am-

## KINGSLEY FAIRBRIDGE IS LAID TO REST

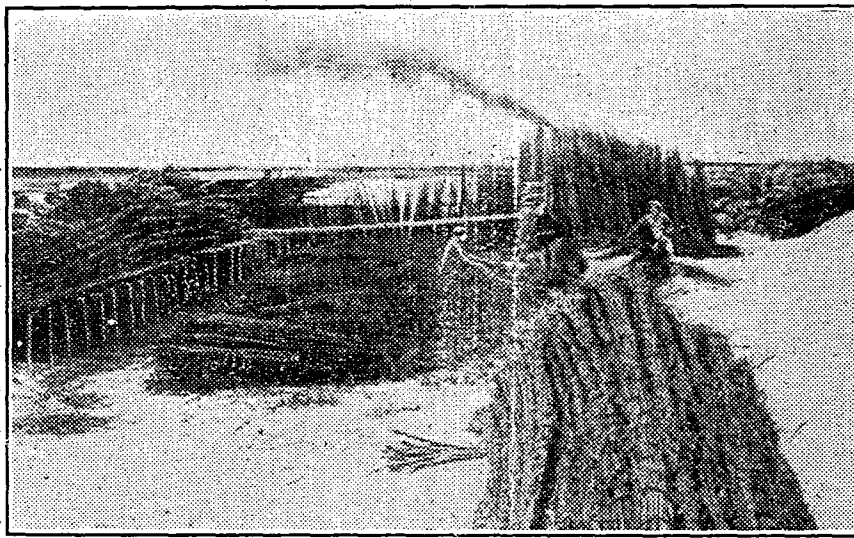
KINGSLEY FAIRBRIDGE, the Rhodes scholar who turned all the advantages of his Oxford education to helping poor English children to emigrate and start well in a new country, died in Australia, as we recorded the other day; and a correspondent sends us word that he was buried at the Pinjarra Farm School, which he founded after years of besieging everyone for help.

The last of these to help him was John Scaddan, the Labour Prime Minister of West Australia, who began life by driving an engine, and so knew something about the struggling poor. He granted land and State-aid for a farm school at Pinjarra 15 years ago, and the school

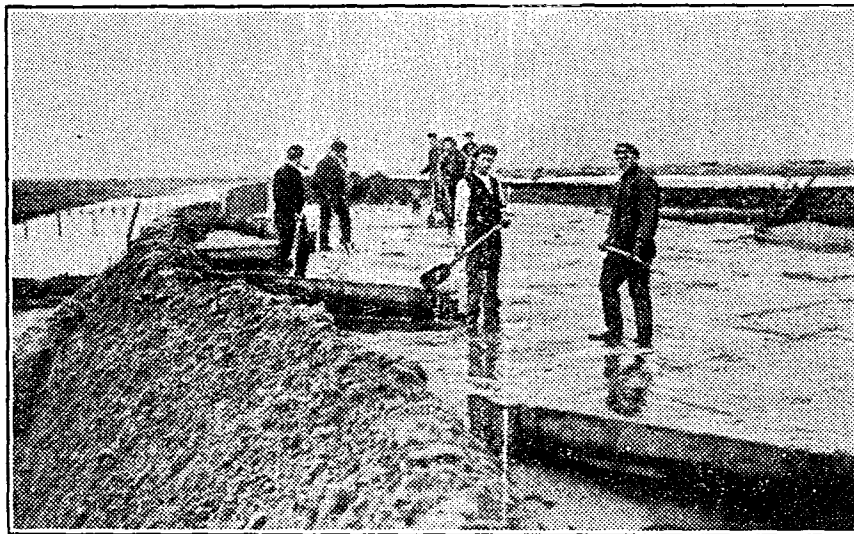
which began originally with fifteen English children has now 200.

The children followed Kingsley Fairbridge's coffin to the grave on a rainy afternoon in what is now the Australian spring; and they bore with them wreaths of the wonderful Australian wild flowers. The grave is not in a cemetery but in a sheltered corner of the farm, and round it, as the coffin was lowered, stood orphan boys and girls who had gone out to Australia with their old friend's help, from the East End of London and the crowded cities of England. Many of them cried, for all had known in Kingsley Fairbridge a friend who had been to them a father and mother too.

## HOLLAND'S PEACE WAR FOR MORE LAND



Laying the wicker foundation for a dyke



A dyke nearing completion

Holland is engaged in the gigantic task of reclaiming the Zuyder Zee, and in these pictures we see the construction of one of the enormous dykes that will hold back the sea. Layers of wicker are used to reinforce the sand and stones. See page 8

plifiers have been used recently to increase feeble electric currents in the measurement of light with selenium.

A wireless receiver has also been used to produce human sounds; a new instrument has actually been made which can say some words distinctly.

Professor Gasser has announced to the Röntgen Society that with the help of wireless valves he has made important discoveries about the way in which our nerves act. The response of a nerve to a touch or an emotion is, he thinks, purely electrical, and the electricity involved is so excessively small that not until a wireless valve circuit was employed was it possible to record accurately the tiny electric forces at play in the human system when our emotions are stirred.

Sir Napier Shaw, who used to be Clerk of the Weather, has been explaining that when he was travelling to Canada on the Caronia for the British Association's meetings, two meteorologists with him constructed a daily weather chart of the Atlantic over which they were passing.

This they did in something of the same way in which the weather chart of the British Isles, appearing in the morning newspapers, is made. That is to say, they received the ship's wireless weather reports from American, British, Norwegian, Danish, French, and Icelandic stations, and plotted out the readings and wind directions and strengths on the chart. Consequently, even while the ship was at sea, they had a perpetually up-to-the-hour weather map of the Northern Hemisphere, and could predict from it what the weather was to be. It was the first time such a map has been made at sea.

The wireless sets on trains of the Canadian Northern Railway are working excellently and proving very popular.

There are a dozen head sets in the lounge car on each of these trains which can be used if anyone objects to the loud speaker. Programmes are available practically without a break all the way across the continent, and as every train carries a wireless engineer very satisfactory results are obtained.

## ROUND THE WORLD THE FIRST WAY AND THE LAST WAY

Airmen Girdle the Earth in  
Five Months

### HISTORIC JOURNEY

Puck's promise to Oberon, king of fairyland, to put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes, has long ago been redeemed, and now two of his disciples have made the journey in an aeroplane.

The first flying journey round the world has been made by Lieutenants Smith and Nelson, the American army airmen occupying five months over their magnificent flight.

When we reflect that modern aeroplanes can fly at speeds exceeding 200 miles an hour, the rate of progress for this journey seems slow, perhaps; but there was much to conquer beyond mere distance—every condition of climate: fierce heat; bitter cold, terrible storms, still more deadly fogs; the varying perils of air over mountain, desert, and ocean, with many long halts on land.

#### Magellans of the Air

Even so the achievement is, of course, immeasurably swifter than the first voyage ever made round the world by the ship of Ferdinand Magellan, for between the sailing and home-coming of that vessel three years and 14 days elapsed, during which Magellan died.

What a difference there was between the two expeditions! For the flying men all navies and all nations watched, delighted to aid; Magellan's little ships went forth in mystery and vanished in silence, with mutiny, malice, and murder brewing in the hearts of crews and captains alike. For the leader of this Spanish venture was a Portuguese and hated by his Spaniards for it.

However, the five ships with their 270 men passed in 70 days from the Old World to the New, and, exploring and resting, succeeded 11 months later in finding the Strait which bears Magellan's name. Mutiny, assassination, and desertion stained the record of their journey.

#### Across the Pacific

Five months for the first flight round the world; five weeks for Magellan's passage of his Strait, which is but 375 miles long! Then, with his ships reduced to three, out he staggered into the Pacific for three months and 20 days of desperate sailing, thirsty, starving, dying of privation and illness, till the Philippine Islands were reached.

One little ship went on and completed the voyage round the world, and (the irony of it!) its captain, Sebastian del Cano, had been one of the worst of the mutineers.

Many Spaniards tried to follow in Magellan's wake, but they all failed, and Francis Drake, half a century later, was the second man and the first Englishman to rival this splendid effort.

It was one of Drake's inspired audacities. His prayer that he might sail the Pacific in an English ship had been granted, but he had so filled his Golden Hind with treasure from the ships and settlements of Spain that he dared not return by the route he had gone, lest a Spanish Armada should beset him.

#### A Legendary Journey

So he tried for that North-East Passage which was to take three centuries to find, and, failing, he struck out across the Pacific, and came home by way of the Cape, after a voyage of 34 months.

His ships and Magellan's were so tiny and so ill-found that but for the proofs we should deem their voyage as legendary as those of the Phoenicians who sailed round Africa. There are people today who will be incredulous concerning the daring feat of Smith and Nelson.

To such doubting people the journey will seem as the fabled feat of Abaris seemed to Herodotus, 24 centuries ago, when he wrote: "As for the tale of Abaris, who is said to have gone round the world on his arrow without once eating, I shall pass it by in silence."



## THE WAR CENTURIES OLD SPAIN'S TRAGIC BUSINESS IN MOROCCO

### The Barbarians Who were Europe's Schoolmasters

#### THE UNDEFEATED MOOR

If ever there were a profound argument for the League of Nations, it exists in the continually extending war between Spain and the tribes with whom she is in conflict in Morocco.

War does not settle disputes, for here we have a war centuries old.

Human history is made up of romance and tragedy, but there is nothing in the annals of mankind stronger than this unending struggle between Spain and the Moors.

Neither Alexander nor Caesar ever conquered the wild swarthy sons of Arabia, dwellers in the tented desert, content to remain within their arid borders till Mohammed arose and bade them go forth and conquer the world in the name of Allah.

#### Conquest of Spain

In obedience to his charge they overran Persia and Egypt, conquered North Africa as far as the Strait of Gibraltar, and looked with fear at the Mediterranean but with longing at the fair coast of Spain.

Caesar left Spain a Roman province, rich, luxurious, slothful; and it fell like ripe fruit into the hands of the Visigoths, as barbarous in their way as the Arabs had been in theirs.

Corrupt and helpless, Spain was rent by factions, and one party betrayed the land to the Moors; the Moors being a mixed North African population under the sway of the victorious Arabs. They were asked to help in a temporary conflict; they conquered all Spain and remained in possession for 700 years.

And then a marvellous thing happened. These sons of the desert became the patrons of learning. They rescued classical scholarship from its tomb; they became pre-eminent in surgery, and medicine, and mathematics, in art and literature, in architecture and agriculture. All the world sat at the feet of these scholars, who were for centuries the only skilled teachers in science.

#### A Smouldering Feud

They built Spain her grandest cities, her universities. They irrigated the land and made it fruitful, as it had never been before nor has been since. They fixed a noble style of architecture. They gave us a peerless literature.

Yet there ever lingered the smouldering feud between Mohammedanism and Christianity, and as the Christians gained strength, they gradually expelled their enlightened enemies till, 40 years after the fall of Constantinople to the Turks, Granada, the last Moorish stronghold in Spain, fell to Ferdinand.

These strange dark-skinned men vanished into Africa as if Europe had never known them, and now Spain, centuries after the first encounter, is still fighting them.

## HIGH-SPEED CROPS New Kind of Corn

A new kind of corn is being cultivated by the United States Department of Agriculture; it grows up and matures in 70 days.

Owing to the fact that the ears grow almost as soon as the corn appears above ground, it is very resistant to cold, and it is hoped that the experiments will lead to a new kind of quick-growing crop that can be raised in bad climates. It is a corn without straw, and consists of root and fruit only.

## THE BULL OF BULLS

### Something New in the British Museum

#### BACK TO THE TOWER OF BABEL

A new-comer at the British Museum during this year is the Bull of El Obeid.

It is a copper bull which might stand, all four crooked legs, on the double outspread page of the C.N. Every reader of the C.N. who can find the opportunity should go to see the bull before it is taken away to Philadelphia, because it is the oldest statue in the world.

It is among the Assyrian antiquities, and those antiquities take us back to the days of Belshazzar and Nimrod, and farther back still to the Tower of Babel. There are bulls and lions and tigers among the Assyrian carvings which are wonderful in their beauty and strength. But this copper bull is older than them.

### The British League of Nations

WHILE we are waiting for the dawn of a better day in Europe it is a proud consolation that in the British Empire we have a living example of what can be achieved by hundreds of millions of people in the great business of living in peace with each other.

THE British flag, flying in every clime over magnificent territories, shelters nearly a quarter of the world's land and a quarter of its people. Within its borders, embracing civilisations old and new, there are neither wars nor rumours of wars.

Is it not a thrilling thing to think about that so much of the world's finest territory is free for ever from the curse of internal war? If the Empire had done nothing else it would have been, perhaps, the greatest fact in history for its example to the world of how to live at peace in spite of differences of language and ideas.

In My Magazine for October a well-known public man considers the fine possibilities of development that lie before us as members of this great Empire of Happiness and Peace.

all. It was made a thousand years before the oldest king of Egypt reigned.

It was made by first modelling the bull in wood and afterwards covering it with thin copper plates. The bull and its companions, of which there were many, were then placed on a shelf in the temple. Thousands of years ago the temple crumbled into dust and became as if it had never been. Five years ago all that could be seen of it was a kind of swelling amid the sand, a pimple on the desert's dusty face.

Then Professor Hall and the excavators of the British Museum and Philadelphia began carefully to dig it up. They found the temple; they found the sacred copper bulls. The one which they recovered complete was in such fragments, and was so near to powder, that it had to be cut out in fragments from the hard soil with a dentist's drill. The wood inside was powder, the copper becoming dust. All had to be put together and cemented inch by inch.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



A large deposit of smokeless coal has been discovered in Shantung, China.

The Eiffel Tower is no longer broadcasting wireless concerts.

A one-minute silence was observed in Tokio to mark the anniversary of the great earthquake of 1923.

The Swedish dramatist, August Palme, has died through a lift accident during his stay in France.

Japan's exports for August were valued at £34,700,000, an increase of £9,000,000 on those of July.

#### A New Law in Brazil

A law has been passed in Brazil requiring any hospital with over 100 beds to maintain a research laboratory.

#### A Swedish Captain's Record

Oscar Hultgren, a Swedish captain who has served under the British flag, has sailed round the world 19 times.

#### Jubilee of Billingsgate

A fish-market since Anglo-Saxon times, Billingsgate as we know it today was founded in 1874, and is about to celebrate its jubilee.

#### Dancing with Marie Antoinette

An old lady writes to The Times that she danced over 80 years ago with a marquess who had danced with Marie Antoinette.

#### The Traveller's Spendings

It is estimated that by the end of this season 300,000 American tourists will have spent over 65 million pounds in Europe.

#### A Tree 30 Centuries Old

A juniper tree at least 3000 years old, 42 feet high, and 7 feet 6 inches in diameter near the ground, has been found in northern Utah.

#### Seeing Their Homeland

Forty-five American children of Swedish parentage have just returned to New York, having visited about fifty places of interest during two months in Sweden.

#### London Bells for Canada

A combined clockwork and hand-played carillon of 15 bells is to be installed at Oshawa, Canada, the playing-barrel having been made on Ludgate Hill, and the bells in Whitechapel.

## BY CAR THROUGH AFRICA

### The Journey Cecil Rhodes Dreamed Of

#### COMING TRUE IN A WAY HE NEVER DREAMED OF

When Cecil Rhodes conceived his Cape to Cairo railway he knew nothing of aeroplanes, or even of motor-cars.

Yet an aeroplane has already done the journey, and motor-cars are about to attempt it. It is odd that the great dream will come true with vehicles the dreamer never dreamed of before the first train goes all the way.

Anyone with time and money can do the journey now in perfect comfort partly by train, partly by boat on the Congo and the Nile, and partly on good smooth motor roads.

But now Major and Mrs. Court Treatt are to motor all the way. The route they have chosen is not that of the railway-steamers-motor way, but a new one through jungles, over mountains, and across deserts—much as Mr. and Mrs. Carr undertook an overland journey in their Overland car a little while ago. Major Treatt has flown over the route himself in an aeroplane.

The adventurous couple will take with them two mechanics and a photographer, and the party will travel in two Crossley cars which can be made into pontoons when rivers are to be negotiated. Major Treatt will survey the whole route and report on its possibilities as a permanent road.

## DRYING UP THE ZUYDER ZEE

### 500,000 NEW ACRES FOR FOOD

#### Keeping Back the Sea from the Low Country

#### HOW IT IS DONE

Holland has been engaged for four years now on one of the biggest enterprises in land reclamation which even she has ever undertaken.

Already a quarter of the whole country is below the old high water level at Amsterdam and another eighth is only a few feet higher.

This land has been rescued by pushing back the sea, banking in the rivers behind huge dykes and draining the areas thus reclaimed. And now, in the same way, the great Zuyder Zee itself is being reclaimed.

Looking at the map one would suppose that the thing to do was to join together with dykes the curving line of the Frisian Islands, join each end to the mainland as well, and then pump out the sea. But the plan now adopted is less ambitious than that.

#### The Rhine at Cromer

A great dam is being constructed across from the northernmost part of the western arm of the containing mainland to the adjacent island of Wieringen, and thence north-west to the opposite mainland of Friesland at Piaam. This dam, which will be nearly 20 miles long, will have huge sluices in it to let out the water at low tide.

For it must be remembered that the rivers flowing into the Zuyder Zee will still insist on reaching the sea, however far out the builders may drive the dam. Once, when all the space between Holland and England was high and dry, the Rhine discharged itself at Cromer!

Under the protection of the dam, reclamation will proceed from four different points—between Wieringen and the jutting land on which Enkhuisen stands; between Enkhuisen and the Amsterdam inlet; between the Amsterdam inlet and the Yssel; and north of the Yssel to Stavoren point.

#### A New Lake

The space outside these, and within the dam, will quickly become a fresh-water lake, to be called Ysselmeer, itself gradually to be reduced, no doubt, through the years till it becomes a mere channel for the rivers discharging into it. Meanwhile, it will serve as a reservoir for the supply of Holland's innumerable canals.

The actual reclamation work is done in a curious way. Successive squares are made with walls of wickerwork, and into these wet sand is discharged till there is a thick floor of caked sand. On to this stones are unloaded till each square is solid and free of water.

It is expected that the present programme of reclamation, covering half a million acres, will be completed about the year 1950.

*Pictures on page 7*

## WANTED, A GRAIN OF COMMON SENSE

### How the World Would Go Right

The veteran thinker and poet of Socialism, Mr. Edward Carpenter, has been greatly cheered by the many messages that have lately reached him from all parts of the world congratulating him on his eightieth birthday.

This is a passage from his letter of acknowledgment to all his friends.

The world, I should say, is all right, or would be all right if the people in it had a grain of common sense!

Or, what comes to the same thing, if they had a grain of real belief in the actual and bed-rock fact of their common life and dependence on each other.

With that belief or certainty all would easily go right. Without it all must inevitably go wrong.



## RONSARD AND HIS PLEIADE

### What He Did for Poetry INFLUENCE ON SHAKESPEARE

The grown-up papers have had a great deal to say about Ronsard and the French Pléiade. We ourselves have been talking about Ronsard in the C.N. Some of our readers will be interested to learn about the Pléiade.

Ronsard was the head of La Pléiade, which he founded as a group of poets named after the seven children of Atlas, who became stars. These men were determined to raise French poetry from the level of tavern songs and drawing-room compliments at which they found it. They drew their inspiration from Greece and Rome. Odes, elegies, and tragedies took the place of virelay and rondeau. Verse-making was no longer a pastime, but a solemn vocation.

They succeeded so well that their influence spread across the Channel, and impressed itself on the literature of Elizabethan England. They inspired Sidney, the first of our sonneteers. They influenced Spenser, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Drayton, Lyly, and Lodge.

#### Poetry and Music

We have already spoken of Ronsard's reputation as the Prince of Poets. His friend Joachim Du Bellay wrote prose that was as beautiful as Ronsard's verse; yet both Ronsard and Du Bellay, whose sense of metrical harmony was so acute, suffered from deafness.

Ronsard contended that poetry had an affinity to music. He played the lute and could sing his own songs. To improve his vocabulary he not only studied the poets and thinkers of antiquity, but went into the workshops so that he might learn the language of the artisan.

Perhaps the chief lesson we learn from the revived interest in Ronsard is that every national literature owes a great deal to its neighbours.

## A GREAT MAN'S LITTLE LENS

### The Smallest in the World DISCOVERY AMONG OLD PAPERS

Sir William Herschel, greatest of all amateur astronomers, left behind him many of his famous instruments, which have been carefully preserved by his descendants during the hundred years since his death.

Herschel made an optical mirror which was the largest in existence at the time when he lived; and a discovery just made suggests that the great man had also what is probably the smallest lens in the world.

A little lens used by Herschel as an eyepiece on one of his smaller telescopes has been discovered, tucked away in an old cabinet, by Dr. W. H. Stevenson, who has been re-examining all the Herschel relics.

The lens is smaller than an ordinary pin-head, being actually about one-fiftieth of an inch in diameter and one-hundredth of an inch thick. Herschel mounted this speck of glass in a small cylinder made from cocoon-wood, a material used in the construction of oboes, and reminiscent of the fact that Sir William was a celebrated musician.

Used on Herschel's telescope, the lens magnified celestial objects no less than 7600 times, so that the lunar features appeared as large as if they were only 32 miles away! Owing to the tremors of the Earth's atmosphere, however, such a high magnification can never be used to any real advantage, and probably Herschel realised that his lens was not much more than an interesting curiosity.

But apart from this we can only wonder at his marvellous skill in figuring and polishing such a tiny fragment of glass, a feat that would do credit to any optician of our day.

## NELSON'S TIPS A Mass of Old Documents LOOKING AFTER THE SAILOR

A great quantity of Nelson documents, filling fifteen folio volumes, have recently come to light.

They deal almost entirely with naval matters occurring when Nelson commanded in the Mediterranean, and they prove how zealous he was in caring for the sailors' health and comfort.

By hook or by crook he got them fresh provisions. When a consignment of inferior clothing was sent out Nelson wrote to the Admiralty saying that the man responsible ought to be hanged. As a result of his vigilant attention to such details the Physician of the Fleet was able to boast of its "triumphant state of health." The deaths from sickness on board averaged one per cent in a year.

But there are a few more personal touches among these papers. In those days Nelson kept a careful account of his private expenditure for clothes, hotels, and petty cash. There are several entries of "Sailor, 1s." or "Sailor, 2s. 6d." and once we read "Sailor, 3s. 6d. Too much."

Many C.N. readers returning from their holiday with empty pockets will wish the scale of tipping for 1804 could be applied to 1924.

## TURNING UP THEIR SLEEVES

### How Stuttgart Got a New Museum

In all Germany there is no museum better in its way than the new museum at Stuttgart, the capital city of Wurtemberg; and the way in which this Imperial Palace has been converted to its present use contains a lesson for us all.

The provincial towns of Germany are full of enthusiastic patrons of art, who vie with each other in their pride in the institutions of their native cities. But Germany has found that war brings misery and hardship in its train, and there has been no money for luxuries, while food is dear and wages are scanty.

Accordingly, the Director of the Museum at Stuttgart, Dr. Buchheit, called the staff together and arranged that they should take the work upon their shoulders, cleaning, painting, decorating the 23 rooms of the palace to receive the beautiful and valuable objects they were to contain.

It was all done as quickly and efficiently as if the staff had been expert workmen, and now the place is a new centre of attraction. Pictures, sculptures, lovely bronzes and porcelain, furniture and tapestries—are these not worth a little self-sacrifice?

## POISON IN THE PAINT

### A League of Nations Idea for Dealing with It

The House of Commons is making an attempt to deal with the terrible illnesses, often ending in death, which come to house painters through using paint made with white lead.

A Labour M.P., Mr. Raynes, who has been a house painter himself, said he believed that only the break made in his occupation by the war had saved him from dying of lead poisoning. He had been unable to write or to raise his arm above his head without agony.

Some Members think regulations can be made for the use of lead paints that will make lead poisoning rare; others think the only safe thing is to prohibit their use for indoor work, and to substitute paints made from white zinc.

That is what is done by the Convention adopted at the League of Nations Labour Conference in Geneva, and the Bill now before Parliament has a provision to that effect, to come into force in 1927, as well as regulations to operate in the interval.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name, and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

### Why are Bath Chairs So Called?

Because these vehicles were originally used at Bath by invalids taking the waters.

### How Many Eggs Does the Kingfisher Lay?

Six to eight, pure glossy white, and nearly spherical in shape. They are laid in a hole in a river-bank.

### What is Ming Porcelain?

A style of Chinese porcelain supposed to have been made during the Ming dynasty, from 1368 to 1643.

### Who was Havelok the Dane?

The hero of an Anglo-Danish legend, which was rhymed by a Norman into French not long after the first Crusades, and was soon afterwards translated into Anglo-Saxon.

### What is an Aam?

This is a liquid measure used in Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Livonia, Esthonia, Denmark, and Sweden, and varies from 37½ gallons to 41 gallons, according to the locality and the liquid measured.

### Did the Jacobites have a Flower as a Badge?

The white rose was considered the emblem of the House of Stuart, and the 10th of June was long known as White Rose Day, that being the birthday of the Old Pretender.

### Is it Natural for Sparrows Occasionally to be Without Tails?

Yes; in the moulting season their tails become so worn and jagged that they practically disappear.

### On What Do Young Frogs Just Out of the Tadpole Stage Feed?

Minute insects, and as it is difficult to provide them with the necessary quantity in the aquarium it is better to give them their liberty in the garden, and obtain frogs more suited to the aquarium.

### What are Scott's Tales of My Landlord?

This general title was given to a number of novels which included the Black Dwarf, Old Mortality, The Heart of Midlothian, The Bride of Lammermoor, The Legend of Montrose, Count Robert of Paris, and Castle Dangerous.

### Is the Medlar Tree a Native of England?

It is generally supposed that the medlar was introduced into England in the sixteenth century. We have records of its being cultivated there in 1596, and it is thought that where it grows wild it is an escape from a garden or orchard.

### How Did the Gooseberry Get Its Name?

The word should really be spelt gooseberry, the goose being from the Old French groise, which in turn was derived from the Middle High German word krus, meaning curling. The name was first given to the rougher kinds with curling hairs on them.

### What is Curry?

A kind of sauce made of meat, fish, fowl, fruit, eggs, or vegetables, cooked with bruised spices like cayenne pepper, coriander-seed, garlic, ginger, and so on, and with turmeric. Curry powder is the condiment composed of the spices used in the curry.

### Which is the Largest Glacier in the World?

Seward Glacier in Alaska, fifty miles long, three miles wide, is the largest whose size is definitely known. The longest glacier in the Alps is ten miles long, and several in the Caucasus Mountains are larger than that. In Greenland there are glaciers longer than the Seward Glacier.

### Is the Jenny Wren the Female of the Robin Redbreast?

No; the idea originated in the old nursery rhyme about Robin Redbreast courting Jenny Wren. The robin is one of the family Turridae, of the order Passeres, and the wren belongs to the Troglodytidae.

### What is a Malapropism?

A wrong word which somewhat resembles the right one. The name is derived from Mrs. Malaprop in Sheridan's play, The Rivals, a character who is always doing this. One of her examples is "As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile," for "As headstrong as an alligator," meaning a crocodile.

### What is the Origin of the Saying "Please Remember the Grotto?"

July 25 is dedicated to St. James the Greater, and on that date people used to visit the shrine of St. James. For the benefit of those who were unable to do so shell grottoes were erected with an image of the saint inside, and a keeper reminded passers-by to give an offering to the saint. Children have carried on the old custom.

## THE MAN WITH THE WATERING POT HOW TO FIND HIM

### Stars 4000 Million Times Bigger than Mars

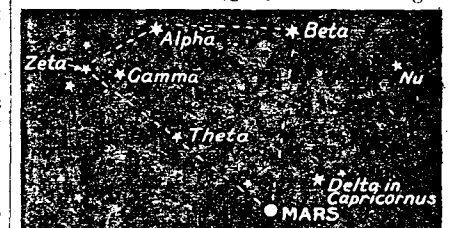
## WONDERS OF AQUARIUS

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The presence of Mars in the ancient Zodiacal constellation of Aquarius, the Water-Bearer, or the "Man with a Watering-Pot," will enable observers easily to identify some of its stellar gems.

None of the stars of Aquarius is brilliant, but, with the aid of Mars and our star-map, it will be quite easy to find them. The star-map covers an area of the sky about as large as the Plough.

At about 8 p.m. some distance above, and to the left of, Mars, may be seen a star of third magnitude. This is Alpha in Aquarius, which is almost as bright as the faintest of the seven stars of the Plough. Though appearing much fainter than Mars it is about 4000 million times larger. Our Sun is 8½ million times the size of Mars, and 1,300,000 times larger



The chief stars of Aquarius

than the Earth; but Alpha in Aquarius is a giant sun, radiating about 524 times the light of our solar orb.

From this we can get a good idea of the size of Alpha in Aquarius, spectroscopic analysis of its light indicating that it is a sun radiating, proportionately, and area for area, about the same amount of light as our Sun.

This estimate of the light that this immense star radiates is based on its known distance, which has been found by trigonometrical measurement to reveal a parallax of .010; and proves it to be about 21 million times as far away as our Sun, and, incidentally, that the light from Alpha in Aquarius, now alighting on our eyes, has taken 326 years to get here.

A little way to the left, or east, of Alpha, is one of the most interesting stellar wonders of Aquarius, Zeta in Aquarius, a somewhat fainter star than Alpha, and about ten times the Moon's apparent width away.

This little star is composed of two immense suns which, though some thousands of millions of miles apart, revolve round some central point between them, taking 1625 years to do so.

Theta in Aquarius is another tiny star. It is really an immense sun, calculated spectroscopically to be about the same distance from us as Alpha, but not so large. This star appears almost midway below Zeta and Mars.

### Two Colossal Stars

Beta in Aquarius is a star about as bright as Alpha, as we see it from our position in space; but actually it may be brighter than Alpha; for its full brilliance is not known definitely, owing to the fact that it is between 204 and 362 light years distant—that is, between 13,400,000 and 22,000,000 times the distance of our Sun. The lesser distance has been obtained by the spectroscopic method of measurement; the greater distance is the result of trigonometrical measurement.

From this we see that Beta in Aquarius is a colossal sun approximating in size to that of Alpha, possibly even larger. Were either of them as near to us as our own Sun, between three and five hundred times the heat would be poured down on us, and our world would be rolling through space, a blackened, burned-up cinder.

Other Worlds. In the morning Venus and Mercury are in the east. In the evening Mars and Uranus south, Jupiter south-west.



# THE MUD PUPS

## An Exciting Story of a School by the Sea

### What Has Happened Before

A brief synopsis of the early chapters appeared in last week's issue.

### CHAPTER 13

#### A Rise Out of Jarvis

JARVIS fixed his deep-set eyes on the two boys.

"I don't so much wonder at seeing you here, Seagrave," he went on with a sneer. "The society of servants is probably more congenial to you than that of educated people. Only Darcy knows better, even if you do not."

Jack bit his lip, for his temper was dangerously stirred, and he had the strongest impulse to turn on Jarvis, and tell him just what he thought of him. But Darcy remained perfectly calm.

"I had something to ask Endacott, sir," he said. "And Mr. Fearon never objected to any of us talking to Endacott."

The boy's coolness enraged Jarvis. "Mr. Fearon is no longer alive!" he snapped, "and at present I am your master. It will be good for you to remember that fact!"

A faintly puzzled look crossed Darcy's face.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said very gently. "I thought Mr. Arnold was the headmaster now."

Jarvis's eyes narrowed, his face went almost black, and for a moment Jack thought he was going to strike Darcy. But he had just sense enough left to know that by doing so before Endacott he would put himself hopelessly in the wrong.

"Take five hundred lines for insolence!" he growled, and swung on his heel.

Darcy took Jack's arm again; he smiled at Endacott, then, turning in the opposite direction from that in which Jarvis had gone, strolled slowly away.

"Oh, Darcy!" said Jack in dismay. "I am sorry. This is my fault."

"What do you mean, Seagrave? What is your fault?"

"Your getting this punishment, I mean," Jack replied.

Darcy smiled. "My dear chap, I'm not kicking. I'd do double the imposition for the pleasure of taking such a perfect rise out of the Jarvis bird. Did you see his face?" he added with a chuckle. "I thought he was going to have a fit."

"He can look ugly," Jack agreed, and paused. "I say, Darcy, do you think he overheard what we were saying about the will?"

"I don't know, and I don't think I very much care," replied Darcy. "You see, now that your friend Arnold has taken over, Jarvis don't count for a lot. It's only a matter of time before Arnold gets to know him, and once that happens the beggar will have the push quick enough to make him dizzy."

"I wish he was out of the place now," said Jack. "I suppose I couldn't give Mr. Arnold a hint?"

Darcy shook his head. "No, my son," he said with decision. "That sort of thing's not done. You let matters run their course, and I'll bet you sixpence that Jarvis don't last out the term."

Jack laughed.

"I'd take the bet if I had sixpence, but between ourselves I never owned that much money in my life."

For once Darcy looked really startled. "My only aunt!" he gasped. "What a perfect pig that fellow Soper must be! But you'll get your shilling a week pocket money here. All the boys have that."

"I don't want it," replied Jack. "I owe enough to Mr. Arnold as it is. I shall take nothing more unless I can earn it."

Darcy nodded. "That's the proper spirit," he remarked. "That's the way to talk,

## Told by T. C. Bridges the C. N. Storyteller

Seagrave. I foresee that you and I are going to be good pals. Tell you what, let's go up to the tuck shop in the village, and I'll stand you a small feed to celebrate the occasion. There's plenty of time before afternoon school."

"But—but your lines?" said Jack. Darcy laughed.

"Jarvis was in such a wax he forgot to tell me when to show them up. I'm not going even to start 'em until he asks for them. Come along!"

So the two went up to the little shop in the village a mile inland from the school, and tucked into currant buns and three-cornered tarts, and got back in good time for five o'clock school.

### CHAPTER 14

#### A Slight Misunderstanding

JACK tapped at the door of Mr. Arnold's room, and was told to come in.

"What is it, Jack?" asked the master, looking up from his papers.

"There's a sale at Callow End, sir. Mr. Canty, the owner, is giving up and there are some good milch cows. I thought, perhaps, it might be worth your while to have a look at them."

"But we are not ready for them yet, are we, Jack?" asked Mr. Arnold.

"The dairy isn't finished yet, sir, but the old stalls are quite good enough to keep cows in, and the grazing is just going to waste."

"I will look at them if you like, Jack, but I should not know whether they are worth buying or not. You must come with me and tell me about that."

"Very good, sir," said Jack. "The sale is tomorrow, and Callow End is only two miles away."

"Then we will walk over," said the master. "Meantime you had better go and see about the stalls. I suppose they will need bedding down."

"Yes, sir. There is some old bracken that will do. I'll go and see to it."

Jack was hunting in the yard for a pitchfork when suddenly Jarvis marched in after him.

"I thought so," he said grimly. "You are out of bounds again. I let you off the other day because you were ignorant of the school rules, but now you cannot make that excuse. You will do me five hundred lines, and show them up tomorrow night. No," as Jack tried to speak. "It is no use trying to beg off. Get in at once and begin your imposition!" He grasped Jack by the arm as he spoke.

"But—" began Jack.

"Keep silence!" roared the under-master; and Jack, seeing that it was useless to remonstrate, set his teeth, and kept step as best he could with the long strides of the angry man.

Jarvis whirled Jack round to the side door, flung it open, and was dragging the boy through when he found himself face to face with Mr. Arnold, who pulled up short.

"I do not wish to interfere in any matter of discipline, Mr. Jarvis," said the master; "but may I ask the nature of Seagrave's offence?"

"I found him out of bounds, Mr. Arnold," replied Jarvis, "the second time since he came here."

"Out of bounds—where was he?"

"In the stable yard."

"Mr. Arnold gazed at Jack.

"But did you not tell Mr. Jarvis that I sent you, Seagrave?"

"I tried to, sir," Jack answered quietly.

Jarvis went very red, and there was a dead and uncomfortable silence for some seconds. Then Mr. Arnold spoke.

"A mistake, I see," he said, quietly. "Seagrave was on an

errand for me, Mr. Jarvis, and in future owing to the special work he does, the stable-yard will not longer be out of bounds for him."

Jarvis muttered something and hurried away, leaving the other two together.

"How have you managed to upset Mr. Jarvis, Jack," asked Mr. Arnold a trifle sternly.

Jack paused an instant. He could not sneak; he hardly knew what to say.

"I don't think he quite likes me to be in the school, sir," he answered lamely.

"Oh, but that is absurd, Jack," exclaimed Mr. Arnold. "Try to please him. It would be a pity to be in the bad books of one of your masters. Now get on with those stalls."

The first person Jack met as he came back into the school after finishing the stalls was Darcy.

"I saw it all," he chuckled. "A lovely sell for Jarvis and Jenner!"

"Jenner—what had he to do with it?" asked Jack, quickly.

"He was watching you," Darcy answered. "He saw you go into the yard and rushed off to fetch Jarvis."

Jack nodded.

"I thought it was rather queer, Jarvis turning up so quickly. I say, Darcy, I'm beginning to think it's time I had it out with Master Jenner."

Darcy's eyes twinkled.

"Don't go looking for trouble. You'll get your chance before long. I'm sure of that."

### CHAPTER 15

#### The Buying of Blacky

MR. ARNOLD and Jack stood in a corner of the yard at Callow End Farm.

"Soper is here, sir," said Jack.

"Why should not he be here?" asked Mr. Arnold. "Probably he is buying something."

"He is after the cows, sir. He will out-bid you if he can."

"You are too suspicious, Jack," reproved the other. "Soper no longer has any grudge against me. I had a letter from him, apologising for the upset the other day."

Jack's eyes widened.

"Someone put him up to that," he said, sharply.

Mr. Arnold shook his head.

"It's no wonder that you are prejudiced against the man, Jack. But you must try not to harbour ill feelings."

"I will try, sir," said Jack, "but all the same I think you will find that Soper will try to get the cows. There are four worth buying. Those three Herefords are all good,

and the black and white one is a good milker, but has a bad temper."

"How much shall I give for them?"

"Up to thirty pounds for the red ones, but not more than twenty-four or five for the black and white. The auctioneer is just going to take them so we'd best move over, sir."

Jack was right, for Soper evidently wanted the cows, and almost at once it became a duel between him and Mr. Arnold. Jack was careful to stand well behind Mr. Arnold so that Soper could not see him, and he prompted the master in the bidding.

Mr. Arnold, who had perfect confidence in Jack's judgment, bid firmly and quickly, but Soper, who loathed parting with money, hesitated, and Mr. Arnold secured the three red cows, the first at £26, and the other two at £23 each.

Then came Blacky. She was a fine beast, but her eyes were wild, and she kept on tossing her head. Mr. Arnold bid £18, Soper a pound more, and the price went up pound by pound till Arnold bid £24.

"That's enough, sir," whispered Jack. "Don't go any farther. She's not worth more."

The auctioneer glanced at Soper and he, enraged at losing the first three, nodded.

"Twenty-five pound bid," cried the auctioneer. "Twenty-five. Any further offer?" Up went his hammer, then down. "Mr. Soper," he said to his clerk.

"A pity," said Mr. Arnold, regretfully.

"Perhaps you won't think so, sir, before the day is over," Jack answered. "She's an ugly-tempered beast, and I wish Soper joy of his bargain."

The sale was over early in the afternoon, and Jack volunteered to drive the three cows back to Salthorpe. Mr. Arnold, who had to be back earlier, got a lift home. The Herefords gave no trouble, but Jack, of course, walked them very slowly, for nothing is worse for milch cows than to be hurried.

Jack was about a mile from the school when he heard shouts, and looking back saw Soper and his son driving their cow. She had evidently been troublesome, and they had a rope halter on her by which Soper led her.

Jack frowned. The Sopers were the last people he wanted to run into, but with his three cows he could not hurry. Alfred Soper spotted him.

"Ho, look at the gentleman's pet all in his new clothes!" he jeered. "Ain't he pretty?"

Jack paid no attention, merely walked steadily on. Next moment a large handful of wet clay struck him on the back of the neck.

"That takes the gilt off the gingerbread," shouted young Soper.

Jack swung round. He was boiling.

"Naughty! Naughty!" sneered Alfred. "He's lost his temper!"

It was quite true, for Jack was so angry that he had suddenly lost all fear of consequences. He ran straight at Alfred, and before that worthy had the least idea of what was going to happen had planted his fist between the youth's eyes.

The blow was so unexpected that Alfred lost his balance and went flat on his back in the muddy road.

His father gave a roar of rage.

"Hit Alfred, will you! But I'll learn you, and there's no one to interfere this time."

With that he dropped the halter rope and with his great fists clenched started for Jack.

Jack knew that he was in a very tight place, and that if Soper got hold of him he was in for a terrible thrashing. The man had a dangerous temper, and, as he had already said, there was no one to interfere.

On the other hand, it was no use Jack trying to bolt, for Soper could certainly run him down. Besides, Jack had his cows to look after.

"I'll learn you!" bellowed Soper again, as he bore down on Jack.

TO BE CONTINUED

### Five-Minute Story

## Jack-in-the-Box

ALL sorts of toys lived together in the playhouse.

There was Rufus, the great strong rocking horse, and nestling against his legs was his little friend Peter the pup. There were whole regiments of gay red soldiers; there was a giant doll's house where lived all sorts and sizes of dolls, from the Fairy Queen and Grand Princess to the humble, meek-eyed Red Cross Nurse. But the merriest of them all was Jack-in-the-box.

He would pop his head out from his little roof, and nod his smiling face, while the little bell on his cap would ring "Ding-a-ling-ling. How are you all?" Back he would bob again, only to pop out again a moment later bowing and smiling as brightly as ever. The others smiled when they saw him; and they loved him too.

One day there was a great commotion in the playhouse. The doll's house was given a grand new coat of paint. The soldiers had their uniforms polished. Rufus had his coat brushed and made smooth and glossy, while all the working dolls had a very busy time, scrubbing, washing, starching, and ironing.

But a sad thing happened to Jack-in-the-box. As he rested quietly in his little house, a clumsy body bustled by and knocked him to the ground. Then he was picked up and pushed carelessly to the back of a shelf.

Once again the toys settled down, and soon they missed the greeting of their tiny friend.

"Where is Jack-in-the-box?" they asked; no one knew.

One night in bed little Red Cross Nurse thought to herself, "Perhaps poor Jack was hurt when the painters came. I'll go and find out."

She crept from her cosy bed and soon was searching the room. The old Moon shone through the window down on the tiny house on the shelf. She clambered up and knocked at his house.

"It's only the Red Cross Nurse," she whispered.

"Come in," called out a voice.

The nurse lifted up the roof, and a moonbeam shone down on poor Jack, huddled in a corner, his cap drooping over his face.

Soon the nurse was feeling him all over to see where he was hurt. Then she rubbed his back, and bound him up tightly with a little roll of bandages she carried with her. She gave him some medicine and cared for him so well that Jack-in-the-box felt almost well enough to bob from his house.

"Good-bye," whispered the tiny Red Cross Nurse. "Tomorrow I will come again."

She held out her hand for him to shake, but happy Jack-in-the-box kissed it gallantly instead.

"I am not the Grand Princess," said the blushing little doll.

"No," said Jack-in-the-box, "you are the Red Cross Nurse, which is something much better."



## This is RUPERT

from the front page of

**CHICKS'2**  
OWN

This jolly paper is specially written and printed for VERY little children. Only easy words are used, and they are divided into syllables to make reading easy. Children learn to read while enjoying to the full its bright Coloured Pictures, splendid stories, and funny jokes. Buy a copy for your little Brother or Sister TODAY. It is on sale every Tuesday, price 2d.





## It's a Sad Heart That Never Rejoices



### D! MERRYMAN

A VERY loudly-dressed youth with a vacant expression seated himself in a dentist's chair. The dentist turned to his assistant and whispered:

"I'm afraid we can't risk giving him gas."  
"Why?" asked the assistant.  
"Well, how shall we know when he is unconscious?"

#### Word Changing

DON'T lose me, friends, though day and night  
I mock the swiftest bird in flight.  
I'm murdered by mankind at large:  
Reverse me—quickly I discharge.  
Transposed, I'm in a bill, 'tis clear;  
Once more, an insect will appear.

Answer next week

#### The Tiny Porter

I MET a tiny little man,  
The porter of a railway station;  
He was almost smaller than  
A very, very poor relation;  
Great tears were rolling down his cheeks,  
I don't think he had washed for weeks.  
I said to him—"You little man,  
You little tiny midget man,  
You quite minutely weeny man;  
Why do you let these salt tears fall  
Upon the station's lath and plaster?"  
He answered that he was too small  
Ever to be a station master!

ROY BISHOP in the Outlook

#### The Wireless Wasp

A LITTLE boy whose father was an enthusiast about wireless had been playing in the garden. Presently he ran into the house sucking his hand.  
"Daddy," he cried, "I've just seen a big fly with black and yellow stripes, but I don't think his wiring was properly insulated, because when I picked him up he gave me a shock."

WHAT is the difference between a champion athlete and a doctor's watch timing a patient's pulse?

One beats the record and the other records the beat.

#### Do You Live at Hammersmith?

THIS is not a very old name, the place apparently having no history earlier than the time of Charles the First. It is probably derived from Hamer's smite, the word smite meaning a bog, or morass.

Probably this district in early days was a marshy stretch, lying as it does along the north bank of the Thames.

WHY is an elephant different from all other animals?  
Because if you cut off his head you still do not separate it from the trunk.

#### A Hidden Word Puzzle



The initial letters of the words represented by these pictures will, when properly arranged, spell the name of something rich people pay thousands of pounds for, but which poor people can buy for a few pence. Can you find out what it is?

Solution next week

WHEN does a silver cup run?  
When it is chased.

#### Arithmetical Puzzle

WHAT three numbers do I mean  
Which, placed together, make nineteen;  
From which take the fourth of four,  
And there remains an even score?

Solution next week

#### Rainproof

AFTER camping out through a rainy week, the Boy Scout arrived home dripping but cheerful.  
"Oh, Harry," cried his mother, "you are wet!"  
"So's the rain!" he laughed, as if he liked it.

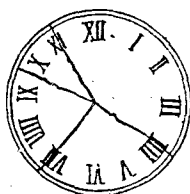
"Is your coat damp?"  
"Ab-so-lutely."  
"Dear, dear! I hope your vest isn't?"  
"I'd hope so, too, if it wasn't."

"You haven't got your feet damp?"  
"Oh, haven't I!" he laughed.

"All of me's thoroughly damped—except my spirits!"

#### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

##### The Broken Dial



This shows how the dial was broken so that the numerals on each piece totalled 20.

What Is It? The letter O  
A Puzzle in Rhyme. Race, care  
Who Was He?  
The Scourge was Attila

### Jacko Helps His Father

MR. JACKO had the surprise of his life when the grandfather clock struck twenty one day. He always wound it up carefully at night and it kept excellent time. It hadn't been known to go wrong as long as he could remember.

"Dear me! That's a funny thing!" he said, when the clock stopped striking at last. "I can't make it out at all!"  
Neither could Jacko. He had a clear conscience for once, though his father glared at him suspiciously.

Adolphus was very disagreeable. He said the clock had better be seen to at once as he, for one, couldn't stand the noise that it made.

"I shouldn't wonder if a mouse isn't the cause of all the trouble," he declared.

"A mouse!" shrieked Mrs. Jacko. She was up on a chair in next to no time, and it was some minutes before they could calm her down.

In the meantime Mr. Jacko had been examining the clock. He had got his head well inside the works, and gave it a nasty knock when he brought it out again. He had a cobweb across his face, too, and he looked so funny standing there rubbing his head that Jacko couldn't help sniggering.

"Stop grinning and fetch the steps," his father thundered. "I don't see anything to laugh at."

And there wasn't when Mr. Jacko was really angry. Jacko fetched the steps in double quick time.

After that he had to fetch a hammer and a gimlet and a screwdriver. Mr. Jacko had rolled up his sleeves and was determined to make a good job of it.

"I think I know what the trouble is," he said. "Now then, Jacko. Look alive!"

Jacko got very bored with it all. He had to hold the steps while his father climbed up and began moving round the hands



Down came Mr. Jacko, bringing the clock with him

of the clock. It kept on striking and made no end of a noise. Adolphus said he couldn't stand it any longer and rushed out of the house.

Jacko felt he couldn't stand it any longer either. He fidgeted from one foot to the other, and at last he let go of the steps altogether. And, sure enough, over they went, and down came Mr. Jacko, bringing the clock with him!

There was an awful crash, and Mrs. Jacko rushed out of the kitchen with her hands all covered with flour.

"Where's your father?" she asked Jacko.

For Mr. Jacko was nowhere to be seen. They couldn't think what had become of him till they heard a loud hammering inside the clock.

And when they turned it over, there he was! The door of the clock had been open, and he had fallen inside with the weights and the cobwebs!

He clambered out without saying a word, and went straight for the cane! And for once Jacko got what he deserved!

#### Tales Before Bedtime

### The Magic Mirror

IT did seem too bad that Rupert should have developed measles at the beginning of the summer holidays, especially as now he wouldn't be able to go away with the rest of the family to Sandhaven, for his quarantine was not up till a week after they went.

Poor Rupert would have to stay behind for seven whole days with Mrs. Blake, the housekeeper; and how he fumed and fretted and envied the others going off to paddle and dig and fish at the sea!

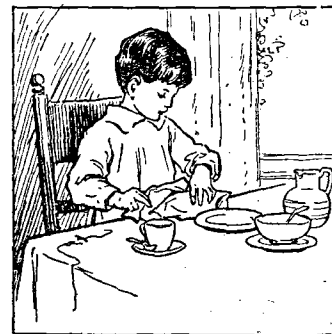
"I wish I had a magic mirror," he shouted to Brenda and Patsy; as he waved goodbye to them from the window, "then I could see you all digging, and that. It is wretched having measles."

"If you're a good boy till I come for you next week, I'll send you a magic mirror," Daddy called to him, as he waved, and shut the door of the taxi. And Rupert wondered whatever he could mean; for he didn't think there were such things as magic mirrors.

Then, a few days later, a parcel came to him in Daddy's handwriting, and he tore it open eagerly. Inside was a little square box with a glass lid; and under the glass was printed, "Magic Mirror. Turn the Handle."

Rupert turned the little handle at the side, the words disappeared and a picture came into view. It was a picture of the beach at Sandhaven; there were the little boats, and the rocks, and the jetty, and—why, there was Patsy digging in his waders, and Brenda with a fishing net!

Rupert went on turning the handle excitedly, and other pictures passed under the glass: Mummy sitting by a boat, and the cottage where they stayed; Patsy on a donkey,



Rupert tore it open

and Daddy and Brenda bathing; the old sheepdog, Dandy, belonging to the coastguard—and lots more.

Rupert called Mrs. Blake excitedly and read her Daddy's little note. Now you have only to turn the handle of the Magic Mirror, it said, and you can see exactly what we are doing. That ought to keep you busy; and I shall expect to see a happy little son when I come to fetch you.

### Peter Puck Goes to Wembley



Having heard the snake-charmers play, Peter Puck wonders why the cobra does not pull its hood over its ears to keep the noise out

### Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1924	1923
London	6827	7117
Glasgow	1885	1886
Manchester	1155	1238
Dublin	947	777
Belfast	807	822
Edinburgh	650	667
Newcastle	496	522
Plymouth	322	298
Swansea	246	249
Coventry	161	168
Ipswich	129	126
Bath	59	76
The four weeks are up to Aug. 30, 1924		

### Ici on Parle Français



La balle La sorcière Le triangle  
J'ai une balle pour jouer au cricket  
La sorcière prépare un sortilège  
Le triangle donne un son agréable



Un artisan L'ortie Une paire  
L'artisan travaille dans un atelier  
Oh! j'ai été piqué par des orties!  
Voici une paire de souliers neufs



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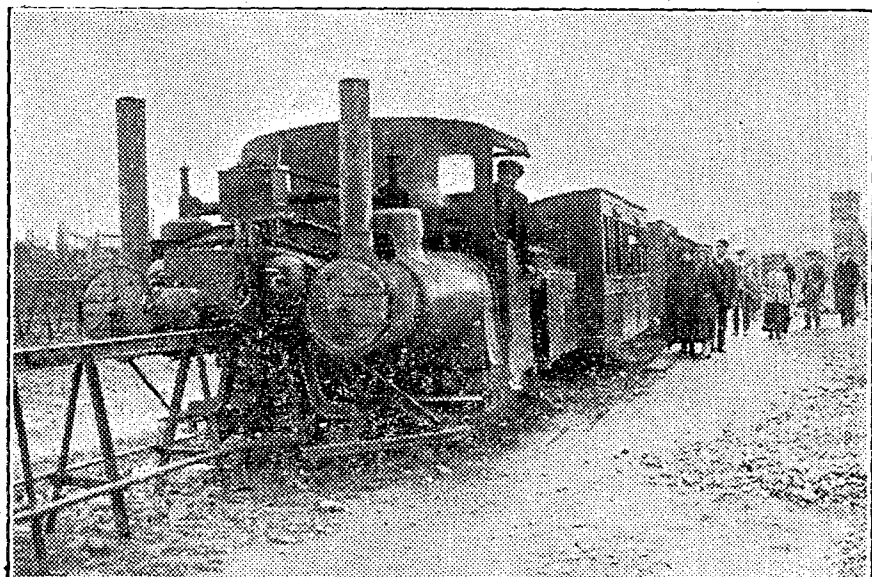
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 27, 1924

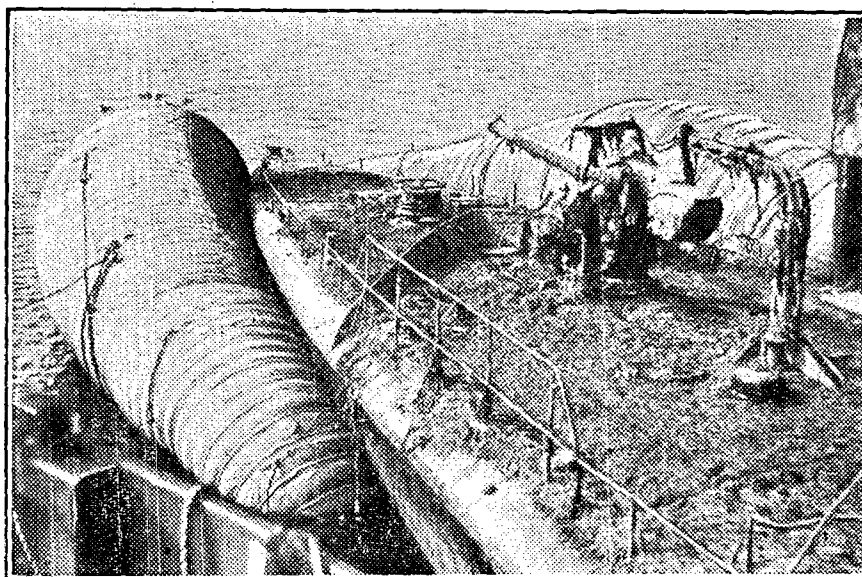
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## FAMOUS IRISH RAILWAY TO GO · AMPHIBIAN LIFEBOAT · THE ALL-BLACKS



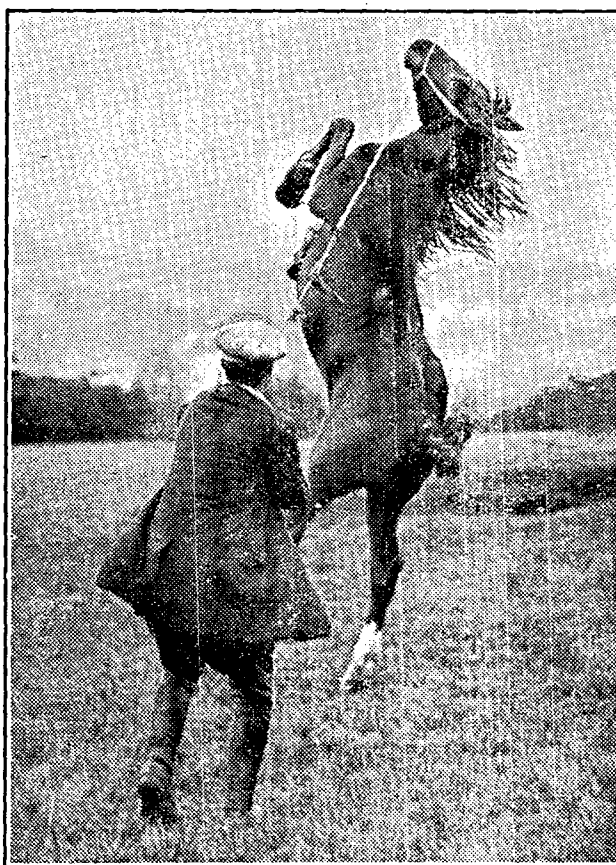
**Unique Railway to Disappear**—The famous Ballybunion railway in Ireland is to be demolished after many years' service. This picture shows how the trains ran upon a single raised line



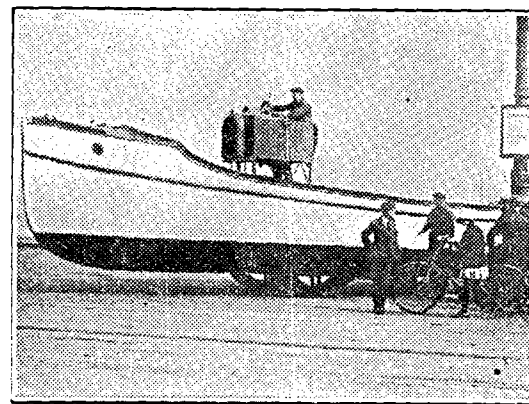
**Raising the German Fleet**—A German destroyer at Scapa Flow has been raised by means of large balloons. After five years under the water it was thickly overgrown with seaweed



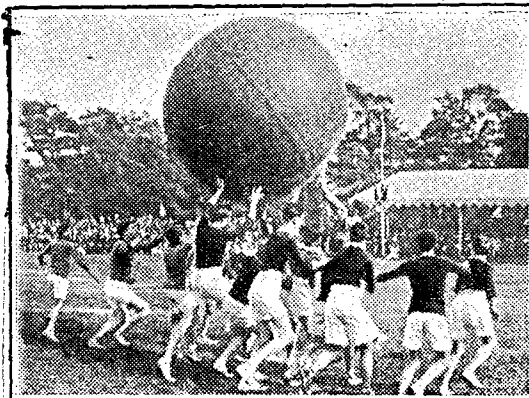
**A Famous Vine**—This year's big crop of grapes on the great vine at Hampton Court Palace has been sold for the benefit of the men who were blinded in the War



**Excitement at Barnet**—At the great horse-fair at Barnet, near London, it was noticed that there were fewer horses than in previous years, owing to the increase in the use of motor transport. Here we see a high-spirited pony rearing on his hind legs



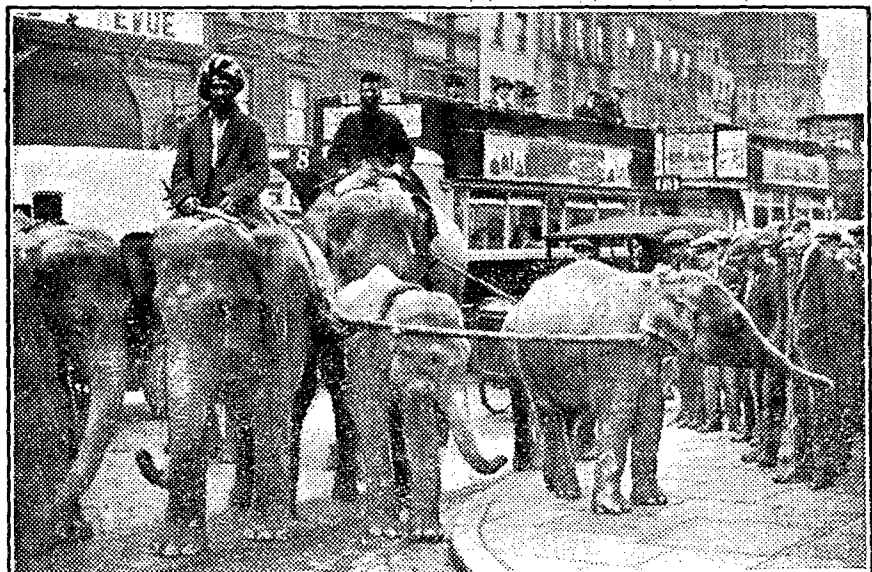
**Amphibian Lifeboat**—Tests have been made at Cleethorpes with a new motor-driven lifeboat fitted with wheels, which can be launched and navigated by one man



**Pushball in Paris**—French schoolboys are here seen playing a strenuous game of pushball at a recent sports meeting in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris. Athletics of all kinds are becoming very popular with French boys



**Fire Engine for Boy Scouts**—The original fire-engine of Haslemere, Surrey, has been presented to the local troop of Scouts, who are given instruction with it for the Fireman's Badge by a fire-brigade officer.



**Another Traffic Problem in London**—Seven elephants which were used in the Empire Pageant at Wembley Stadium have been sent to Germany. While passing through a London street one of the young elephants decided that he was a pedestrian, and not part of the traffic



**New Zealand Rugby Visitors**—The football season just beginning will be memorable for the tour in Britain of the All-Blacks, the New Zealand Rugby footballers, who are here seen at practice. The original All-Blacks in 1905 won every match except that against Wales

## THE NEW ROMAN EMPIRE—SEE THE C.N. MONTHLY, MY MAGAZINE, FOR OCTOBER

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